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DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Dreams! come home to my heart again
With the memory of the past!
Come! with your pleasure and your pain,
And your hopes too bright to last.
Come! from your hidden graves, that lie
In the beautiful realms of the days gone by—
Come from your solemn graves that lie
In the realms of the days gone by!

I will welcome ye all again,
As once in the halls of Eld—
Welcome the pleasure and the pain
For the beauty your brief lives held.
Dreams! come out of your secret graves
In the woodland wilds, and the dim sea-caves;
Dreams, come out of your myriad graves
In the wilds, and the dim sea-caves!

Ye throng the hall of my heart once more
With faces sad with pain;
Oh, faded ghosts of the dreams of yore,
The *joy* comes not again.
Go back! to your mournful graves, that lie
In the shadowy realms of the days gone by;
Go back! to your voiceless graves that lie
In the realms of the days gone by!

Hill-Side, Maryland.

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

To those who were not well accustomed to the manner of speech usual with the great usurper, the directions given on the present occasion might have seemed somewhat confused; but the man who stood by his side had served him long; and though armed as a soldier, and, to say sooth, no bad fighting man in the battle-field, had been originally, what was then called, "the body servant" of the great General. Long accustomed to divine his master's meaning, amidst his cloud of words, he needed not to wait for the brief, short sentence which, like a flash of lightning from a cloud, usually in the end gave light to all that was obscure before in Cromwell's speeches; and in truth, he very often fathomed his disposition and intentions, before the dark and abstract sayings, in which they were usually at first involved, were half concluded. He only paused one moment then, not clearly comprehending one of the orders he had received, whether to bring forth Sir Edward Langdale or not; and then he advanced to the door of the room where the Knight was confined. He unlocked and threw it open, saying,

"You can come forth."

With a slow step Sir Edward entered the hall—his own family hall; but the sight of the guards at each door, showed him that he was still a prisoner. He saw, too, Bernard March, his well loved friend, still under the surgeon's hands, and he saw the great, but ruthless victor, the subverter of all the institutions he had been taught to venerate, the destroyer of his friends, the murderer, as he thought, of his King, seated in the chair where he had so often sat, ready to deal the word of life or death to all around him.

But Edward Langdale was still the same who in former years had encountered Richelieu, more accessible, but not less scrupulous, and as powerful, and his confidence and presence of mind did not leave him. With a calm, slow step he advanced towards the end of the table, and seated himself in a chair directly opposite to Cromwell, who, for his part, remained gazing down upon the slip of paper before him, and scrawling upon it some characters, in a a large, straggling hand.

Neither spoke for several minutes; and before he addressed the prisoner, Cromwell muttered to himself—

"No. It cannot be! God does not require too much;" then rising his eyes, he asked, "Who art thou!"

"The owner of this house," replied the Knight; "my name is Edward Langdale."

"A bitter malignant!" said Cromwell, "art thou not the son of that Sir Richard Langdale, a brave man but a great fool, who died in one of those ungodly quarrels with a neighbor, in which you and yours delight?"

"I am the son—the second son—of that gentleman of whom you speak," replied the other, weighing each word.

"Was he not a prelatist, and a persecutor of those who humbly opined they could serve God according to their own lights, without aid from a farthing candle of the bishops?" asked the General, who was apparently waxing warm in his own peculiar tenets.

But the answer of the prisoner cooled him—

"I am not responsible for my father's conduct," he said, "and, in truth, know little of it, for I was young when he died. But I know enough to say no! to your question, sir. This I do know, he was a friend of the good Prince de Soubise, the defender of the Protestant faith in France, and a zealous advocate of liberty of conscience in all men."

"That is well," answered Cromwell, "but speak of thyself. Wert thou not the pupil of that Dr. Winthorne, who was a rector somewhere near, some twenty-five years ago—a horse-riding, fowling, hunting parson of the old times, before new lights had broken upon this then benighted land?"

Sir Edward's cheek turned somewhat red, but he answered, calmly,

"I was a pupil of that excellent Dr. Winthorne, who never fowled or hunted, and who refused the Bishopric of Ely, because he thought he could do good where he was; and he did it. But, General Cromwell, it is in vain to turn back to my young days. I am here, your prisoner, and avow myself one of that party who have held fast their loyalty and the faith they received from their ancestors. I have been your adversary. I have shed my blood against you; but I defy you or any other man to say I have ever abused a moment of success, or that I have ever persecuted or abused an opponent who fell into my power. You will act what part you will towards me. I have acted mine well towards you and yours."

"I have heard so much of you," answered Cromwell, gravely, "but my questions are not so vain as you think, sir. Good services to God and God's cause, sometimes cancel many errors, by showing, you will understand, that those errors were faults of the understanding, not of the spirit or the will. Are you that Edward Langdale who, when a mere youth, went to succor and comfort the poor people of Rochelle, and succeeded in delivering some of them?"

"I am, I suppose, the person you speak of," replied the Knight. "I went to Rochelle in the time of the siege, and did what I could."

"Strange!" said the General, "that thou shouldst now be the oppressor of men's consciences in this poor land. Have we ever met before?"

"Many a time," said Sir Edward Langdale, "but never so near as now—never so near that I could see your face, or you mine."

"You are mistaken," said Cromwell, evidently moved by some strong and strange emotion; "you are much mistaken. I have seen your face before, and you mine, though both are changed. Can I look from that window, and see yonder trees and lawns, that river flowing calmly on, and yet forget? Can I behold that morning sky, and those light floating clouds, and feel the soft breathing of my native air, and not remember. Oh, that the days of old would return, and blot out all the other memories between the now and the then. Yet you, who have fewer years and fewer events to recollect, can forget. Do you not remember the stream which ran quietly by Affedore, like a good man's life, and the old trees, and the glades through which it passed, and the speckled trout, and the early morning's stroll? Edward Langdale, Edward Langdale, you once saved my life, and I cannot doom you to death—no, not for the commonwealth of England. The memories of the sweetest years of all my life, step in and hold my hand. True, my heart was not regenerate then, but it was young and soft, and many a time, at moments far apart, I have thought of that day, and of the plunge in the gurgling water, and your helping hand, and I have felt a strange sort of remorse in my own conscience, that I did not even thank you for the life you had saved at the peril of your own, but went away, and left you to think that I had no gratitude. Do you remember now?"

"Oh, yes, right well," answered the Knight, "but you are much changed, sir, and I cannot recall your features."

"Changed!" exclaimed Cromwell; "have I not had enough to change me? Have I not seen sorrow and strife, and felt things that burn the heart to a cinder, and scorch the very brain? But those days I never forget, for the only thing which could blot them out would be days as sweet, and they will never come."

"Alas, sir," answered Sir Edward, "the only thing which can ever give back the feeling of youth to our latter years, is the doing of good and kindly deeds. We must make our heart like a youth's, if we would feel a youth's freshness."

"Freshness, man!" cried Cromwell, "where shall I find freshness? The lot has fallen to me in stony places, and though I stand upon a mountain-top, I was happier at the foot of the hill. The ground around me is all barren. This is the only day for many a year, when the scent of other times has come back in all its freshness to my nostrils. You have fought against me, you have thwarted me, in many a thing—nay, I could well nigh think you have fought against God. But you shall not die. You shall go free. Your children and your wife are free already—gone to St. Neots, and there you may also join them."

The last words were spoken just as the soldier, whom he had sent below, ventured to the room; and with that familiarity of remonstrance which Cromwell is known to have tolerated, the man exclaimed,

"Nay, verily, my Lord General, this man is an old and perverse malignant. He has sinned against Israel, and led many more to sin. Let him die the death!"

Cromwell's manner and look changed instantly.

"What," he exclaimed, sternly, "is it because the Lord has given the crowning mercy of Worcester field that such as these should think they have deeper thoughts than his chosen servant. What says the book! of a truth, it speaketh to thee, Oldborough, and all like thee. Does it not say, Why do you harden your hearts, as Egypt and Pharoah hardened their hearts? Did not he, after he was struck, let them go, and they departed! and thou too shalt go, Edward Langdale, and shalt depart out of this land, because thou did'st peril thy life to comfort our poor brethren of Rochelle; and hast done many an act, well pleasing to the Lord, and for His service. Wert thou ten fold a malignant thou shalt go; but thou shalt give the parole of thine honor, that thou wilt not raise thy hand against this commonwealth again. Leave me, Oldborough. Thou has been indiscreet; but thou art an old and faithful servant of the Lord and of His poor creature."

"I meant not to offend," said the man, somewhat sternly, and left the room.

"See you here, now," said Cromwell, in a freer tone. "How many there be to say, slay when I say spare; and yet perchance men will hereafter call me a man of blood, when it is a hard thing for me to resist the voice of all those, who, under the will of God, have raised me to the supreme command of this poor army. But harken to me, Edward Langdale. Hasten to St. Neots, and join your wife and children. Take ship at Lynn and cross the sea as soon as may be. You have no ties here now."

"Your pardon, Lord General," replied the Knight, "I have; as dear as wife or child."

"Your brother?" said Cromwell. "I forgot, until but now, you were the second son.—Where is he? He has taken no part in these strifes. I have never heard his name mixed up therewith. Where is he?"

A voice from the other side of the room said,

"Here!" and the monk walked calmly forward, and held out his arms to Sir Edward Langdale.

"Let me hold you for once to my heart, Edward," he said, "I have come here to do you justice; for through long, long years I did you wrong. I have wept; and repented, but not enough. I come to give you back your own. I come to ask your forgiveness before I die."

Edward gladly took him in his arms, saying,

"Welcome, welcome, Richard. This is, indeed, a blessed change," and the two strong men wept.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Hold!" said Cromwell, after having afforded a brief opportunity for the expression of feelings, which he saw were strong and natural, though he did not clearly understand the sources whence they arose. "Hold, we have no time to waste on foolery or on soft things that link not themselves with public duties. Edward Langdale, who is this man?"

"My elder brother," answered the Knight, "Sir Richard Langdale."

"No," cried the monk, vehemently, "I am not Sir Richard Langdale—I never was. In two or three sentences all is easily explained. My mother was never his father's lawful wife.—Mark me for a moment, Lord General," and as he spoke he walked slowly but calmly up to Cromwell's side, and leaned upon the table close to him. "At my father's death, he, this Edward, was a young boy, I a grown man. Ambition seized upon me, I added to some papers, fabricated others, and claimed and obtained an inheritance which was not mine. He maintained his own rights, thwarted me as regards this estate of Buckley, and won the hate of him who was at heart inclined to love him. Thou knowest what it is to feel humbled and debased in the presence of one to whom we are doing wrong."

Cromwell started and turned sharply round; but the other went on without observing the emotion his words had produced.

"We met once after we had not seen each other for years. He gave me hard words, and I stabbed him, unresisting, and with his bosom open to my sword. I thought I had killed him, and had added the crime of Cain to the evil passions of Cain. I have passed my life in penitence ever since, and finding, not long ago, that God had spared me the crime which I had thought committed, I have come over here now to relinquish to him the inheritance I had usurped, and to make all those declarations and admissions which will establish his rights, and may atone for my offences. This is all I have to say, Sir General; but now thou can understand clearly who I am, and why I am here."

"Not altogether," answered Cromwell; "but this is no time to examine these things scrupulously. We must not waste the few moments granted us for important action in this life. There is no charge against thee; thou art free to come and go. Thy brother is free also; but he is an exile from this land. Yet, as an excess of favor, for deeds he has done in other days, which truly have a sweet savour before the Lord, and his poor servants, we will accord him in his safe conduct a month to come and go, to settle all his affairs with thee and others, and to transport himself beyond the four seas. But what means he when he says he leaves those behind him who are as dear to him as his wife who is free, or his children who are free? You he cannot mean, for he knew not, it seems, that you were in the land."

"He means that young man," said the monk, pointing to Lord Dartmoor, "one worthy of all his love, which I have never been. He linked himself to him by love and kindly actions. I severed myself from him by enmity and wrong. As in heaven so on earth, verily we both have our reward. Shall God be merciful, and man be obdurate? Shall thy heart be as hard as the nether millstone, while His is as soft as the honey of the mountain? Is there not enough wailing in this land already, but thou must add another cry of sorrow to the voice of complaint that is rising up against thee?"

Cromwell sat and listened, looking down heavily as if he hardly heard the words addressed to him; but at length as the monk paused, he answered sternly,

"Who gave thee license to hold forth? Thou standest thyself in peril; and shall thy voice prevail for others? Man, man, if my eyes be not blinded, and my ears stopped, thou art of the herd of Belial, one of the worshippers of the beast, perchance a priest of the false prophet. And shalt thou school the Elect? shalt thou pretend to reveal the secrets of the highest to His saints and His chosen servants—those who have been hired, it may be at the first hour, it may be at the eleventh; but who have toiled in His vineyard till their garments are red with the juice of the wine press, and who have had an earnest of their wages, with bottles of shakings and bellyfulls of dry blows? Shall we spare when the Lord says strike? or shall we take our hand from the plough when the first furrow is hardly turned? Or dost thou think to deceive me? Are not all thy crew, skillful in arts which save the body and condemn the soul—ay, leech craft and chirurgery, and what not? and now that thou has dressed this youth's arm, and given, it would seem, temporal—that is to say corporeal ease—thou would have him yielded over to thee and thine to make him ten times more a child of hell than thyself. Well I wot, thou art mistaken. We will deal otherwise with him. As for thyself thou may'st go, for we have said it. As for the lad he must die; for have we not said that, too? His offences are budded and full-blown—ay, the fruit, such as it is, is mature, verily too ripe, and ready to drop from the bough; but death is, in one sense, like the blossom of the hop, somewhat bitter perchance, but often salutary amidst the sweet compounds of this world. Young man, thou hast to die."

"When?" demanded the Earl of Dartmoor, without moving a muscle; and before Sir Edward Langdale could interpose.

"That must rest with those into whose hands I shall give thee," replied Cromwell, darkly; "they are not slothful in their work I trow—Edward Langdale, urge me not! If thou holdest the life I have given thee as a boon, be silent."

"Take it when thou will, General Cromwell," replied Sir Edward. "He and I can die together, as we have fought together and lived so long together. I will not accept my life, at the expense of my daughter's promised husband."

"It is not at my expense, noble friend," replied the Earl. "I have fought against this man and his cause, from my very boyhood. I do not see that I deserve death from him or any man; for I have done but what I thought my duty, and have never refused mercy to any one who asked it; but if I have deserved death from any one, it has been from him."

"Ha? sayst thou?" said Cromwell, gravely, without in the least relaxing his stern look.

"There is but one favor, Lord General, that I will ask," continued the Earl, "and that is to be permitted one interview before I die, with my friend's daughter, my affianced wife. I ask it not for my own sake, but for hers. I am ready to die this instant; but I know that, in years to come, it will be a comfort to her to think that she saw me before I died."

"'Tis well," said Cromwell, "'tis easy. I said not thou shouldst die at once. The young woman was in the house but now. She may be so still. At all events thou shalt have full time to bid her farewell."

"That in itself is a mercy; and I thank you, sir," replied the Earl.

Cromwell bowed his head, but he was in no degree moved. Men, it seems to me, have much mistaken the character of that great and perhaps inscrutable man. Though certainly not inaccessible to human feeling, it seems to me that he always acted upon profound convictions. He might be moved, he might be touched by those terrible positions in which his enemies were often placed; but he never suffered the feelings of the heart, in which he was not wanting, to interfere with designs formed upon his far wider views. Cromwell was deeply moved, we are told, by the interview between Charles I. and his children; but it affected not his purposes, it shook not his resolution in the least. He marched on to the great catastrophe, as firmly as if there had not been a pebble in his path. As far as I have read and been able to understand his history—a task more difficult than ordinary readers believe,—the two parts in that extraordinary man's nature, were separated by a barrier almost impossible to be passed. The kindly sympathies, of which he was not destitute, and the steadfast purpose which carried all his actions to their conclusion, were things separate and apart in his nature; and to the latter, all else was subservient. At times indeed, a certain degree of softness would come over him; there are recorded instances of his being sportive and even mild; and it is probable that at those moments, he was willing to spare and show generosity, and even kindness—else how is it that we find individual instances of lenity, at moments of apparently indiscriminate vengeance,—but in those instances, we find also that there was no great object to be obtained by sternness. There must be inconsistencies in all characters; but I am inclined to believe that there were fewer in the character of Cromwell, than is generally imagined.

After a short pause, during which the General seemed considering something deliberately, sitting with his eyes averted from the prisoners, but fixed upon the table, he wrote two or three words upon the scrap of paper before him, tore them off, and beckoning one of the soldiers from the door, gave them to the man, with a brief command, in a low voice. Then turning to Bernard March he said,

"Answer me one or two questions—if thou wilt. I say if thou wilt, advisedly; for undoubtedly this land has had enough of thee; and thy answers can make no change."

"I see not, General Cromwell, why I should reply at all," replied the Earl, with a slight smile, but without the least want of courtesy in his manner, "yet as you have granted the only request I have to make, it were uncivil to refuse in return, a few minutes of the few I probably have to live, to answer your inquiries."

"Do not suppose," rejoined Cromwell, "that I purpose to deal with thy case in so summary a manner. I say not that the power of life and death is not, as it were, in my hands; for I have but to order a court martial on the green, and these poor men without, being greatly incensed, and ready to smite the Philistines hip and thigh—ay marry, somewhat too ready—would, as is their bounden duty, of which they are well aware, find thee guilty and execute thy sentence in the court-yard, or elsewhere more convenient; and verily no law would be broken, nor anything unseemly done; for this land is under the law, called martial, which for the time—may its vigors soon be removed—supersedes all other law; but there is no need just now, of any such haste; for the will of the Lord has been done and his crowning mercy vouchsafed at Worcester field. We have but to take care now, that the land shall be no more troubled by our own slackness in sparing those whom He has delivered to our bow and spear; and by Him that made me—there shall be no such backsliding in me. Have I not gone forward to this very hour, without turning for a moment from the path set before me? What should I say. It was for this, I said thou must die; but I meant not that thou shouldest not have lawful and well considered trial. But to deal freely with thee, young man, I judge that those who will judge thee, are not likely—that is to say are very sure, not to let one malignant head stand where it is, unless I interfere, either before or after, which in thy case, verily, I will not do."

"All this is very likely," said the Earl, who had little taste for the Lord General's long and seemingly confused orations. "But you mentioned some questions, sir. Pray remember that whether my time be long or short, I have enough to fill it somewhat sadly in my heart and my brain."

"Truly thou hast if thou employest the moments well," answered Cromwell. "As to the question: I would ask, if thou art not the brother of that Duke of ——, to whom we showed some favor, in years gone, and though unwise in some things, showed himself faithful to his master unto the very last?"

"I am the same," replied Lord Dartmoor, "a soldier from my boyhood, and brought up by that good brother in the same faithfulness, to the same master."

"In that he was wrong," said Cromwell, "for verily he has led thee unto death. Thou art very young. Thou claimest also to be a peer; and, though all such vanities have to be done away, nevertheless, as yet, certain regards which it would be inconvenient to neglect, have made us tolerate things otherwise idle. Thou art a peer, I think."

The Earl bowed his head, and Cromwell went on, saying,

"Now answer, but not without consideration. In this we may show some favor. Will thou stand upon thy privileges, and be tried as a peer? or will thou go before those who judge the common soldiers?"

"What matters it?" said Lord Dartmoor, with an indifferent air, "I see not much to choose."

"The great men will have the block. The others will be shot!" said the great usurper, briefly and sharply.

"Well, then, I will choose the soldier's death," replied the Earl; "I have faced so many bullets, I may as well face them once again."

The words were hardly spoken which sealed his fate, when the door on the right hand of Cromwell, as he sat in the hall, opened suddenly, and the form of Lucy Langdale appeared.

It would seem that no one had told her why she was brought there. Her face was very pale; but there was no other sign of fear about her; and her eye ran hastily over the various little groups, till at length it rested upon Bernard March. Then in a moment, she sprang forward and cast herself upon his bosom, exclaiming,

"Living! living! Oh, my love—oh, my husband!" and she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Cromwell did not behold the scene unmoved—perhaps he felt it more than pleased him; for, rising from his seat, he advanced to Lucy's side, and calmly putting her father's arm around her, he said:

"Take her away, Edward Langdale, and comfort her!"

"What! so soon!" cried Sir Edward and Bernard both together, and Lucy stretched forth her hands with a look of mute despair.

"Thou shalt see him again," said Cromwell, in a really gentle tone; "young lady, thou shalt see him again. There are too many here. But a day or two hence thou shalt see him again, when you can pour forth your thoughts to each other more conveniently," and with a firm but not unkindly grasp, he led her towards the door.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was in a dark, narrow street in the eastern part of the city of London. The fine weather with which the month of September had commenced was gone. Mist and rain had succeeded, and the sad equinox was howling as if in angry sorrow at the departure of summer. Oh, those old streets of London! how melancholy they looked in those days, when hardly a globe lamp at the corner of a cross street threw a dim and dusky light across the muddy pathway!—They, too, were but a recent invention; and the solitary lantern, borne by an old female domestic before her thrifty master, or half-a-dozen torches before some gay reveller, were still to be met, after the sun had set, and the watch patrolled the streets, or slept in their sentry boxes, as they did in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or that of George the Third. It was a cold, wet, miserable night, when the whole aspect of the outside world was gloom; and it needed the glowing fire, the cheering glass, or that warmer blessing, a happy heart, to give even the look of cheerfulness to the interior of man's dwelling. But in the room in that narrow back street, to which the reader must now follow us, there was little to enliven, or even to relieve. There was no fire in the grate, a solitary candle on the table, and no signs of any repast.

The wind shook the casements; the dingy wainscoting cracked and rattled, and the sad chorus kept up by the wind seemed like a thousand plaintive voices uniting to tell some sorrow.

By a small deal table in the middle of that gloomy room, stood Sir Edward Langdale and his daughter Lucy. They were apparently waiting and listening, and they had to wait and listen long; for not less than ten minutes passed before any sound was heard, except the whistling and screaming of the wind, and the creaking of the woodwork. At length, however, the heavy hammer at the door struck, with a quick, short knock, and Sir Edward ran out and admitted a tall, strong man, with beard closely shaved, and looks cut short. He was dressed in a suit of dark gray cloth, with a long iron-hilted rapier by his side, and carried in his hand one of those steeple-crowned hats which distinguished the strictest sect of Presbyterians of that day.

Few, indeed, to behold him, would have thought him the same bold Sergeant Loftus whom we have seen before with Bernard March at the bloody skirmish of Goose Green; it was the same man, however, and on perceiving Sir Edward Langdale and Lucy, he gave a large, coarse sheet of paper into the hands of the latter, saying,

"There, Mamselle, I have been so long in coming back, because the General was holding forth to the soldiers in the guard-room. He called it a bit of comfortable doctrine; but, to me, it was uncomfortable enough; for I was forced to stand there by my good cousin Joel, and hum and keep my countenance, though I thought every moment I should have laughed—and I should, too, if it had not been for thinking of my lord; and that made me grave enough."

Sir Edward looked over Lucy's shoulder, and saw that it was an order, under the hand of Oliver Cromwell himself, to admit one Lucy Langdale to the cell of the prisoner called Bernard March, in the prison of the Commonwealth, called Newgate, to confer with the said prisoner for the space of one hour.

"But, is it true, Loftus," asked Sir Edward, "that the sentence is really pronounced? It was said, that some cases had been adjourned."

"Lord bless you, sir," answered the man, "they made no distinctions. It was all done at one sweep; it was, that every man taken in arms against the Commonwealth, at or after the battle of Worcester, was to be banished to the colonies of America, and sold to the planters there to defray the expenses of the journey. That was the sense of it, though I have not got the words quite right; for there was a heap more about mercy, and all that, which my cousin Joel read to me, but I cannot remember. Mercy, I dare say; to talk of mercy when they are sending a noble Earl like that to be sold for a slave! But still, you know, Mamselle, if they had not sent him there, they would cut his head off; and while there is life there is hope, the people say."

There was something more consolatory in the man's rough words than could have been found in a studied oration: and Lucy said, turning to Sir Edward:

"Let us go, my father; I may tell him—is it not so?" she added, with some hesitation, as if she half feared her request would be denied, "that I will join him in the colonies, that I have your consent?"

"Aye," replied Sir Edward, warmly, "that you have my command; and that we will find means to buy his liberty, if it cost us the last crown in our purses, or the last acre of our lands."

"Then let us go," said Lucy; "dear father, I am firmer now. Have no fear of your child; I was but overcome by the suddenness of our disasters; and time and thought brought back calmness. The very hope of seeing him gives me strength."

"The hope! Nay, the certainty, I trust," said Sir Edward, with a start. "Sergeant, who gave you this paper? Are you sure it is genuine?"

"The Lord General himself, as they call him," answered Loftus; "my cousin told him that I was blessed with new lights—tallow candles in brass sconces—and that I was willing to serve his Excellency—he did not add, to six feet of hemp, and a fall perpendicular—but that I came to claim a promise he had made to a young lady, in whose service I had been brought up, to let her see her lover, the Earl of Dartmoor—your pardon, Mamselle!—and then he started, and said he had forgotten, and called for paper and wrote the order. He gave it to me, and said: 'Bear it quickly, though in truth it matters not;' and a strange look came upon his face, as if he would have laughed; and he added: 'Get you gone, or your lady may be too late;' and looking at all the soldiers round, he began to talk about faith, and grace, and this poor land, and the poor simple people, who had been misled."

"Let us go, my dear father, let us go," said Lucy, eagerly; "he said we might be too late. It is strange he should have forgotten, when he promised so strictly."

"He does not easily forget," replied Sir Edward Langdale. "I can only think the ship is to sail during the night. But let us go.—Put this great cloak round you. As far as the outer ward, doubtless, they will let me go with you; but then you will have to go on alone. Is your heart firm, my girl?"

"As a rock," replied Lucy; and covering herself with the large cloak provided for her, she walked steadily towards the door of the house, while her father, calling to some one within to take care of the lights, followed her out into the street.

Sergeant Loftus went before with a lantern; but the moment Lucy issued forth into the narrow street, the wind and the rain struck her, making her recoil, and almost taking away her breath. But still, she advanced again, taking her father's arm, and with that constancy which is the peculiar gift of woman, buffeting with the storm, undismayed by the rude blast and the dark and gloomy abyss into which she plunged.

The streets were well nigh deserted, though one poor creature—a wretched woman in a tattered cloak, begged of them at a corner, and received a small piece of money, for which she prayed God speed them. On, on, they went, through narrow lanes and crooked passages, for London was not then the London of the present day, sometimes losing their way, and having to turn back, but finding it in the end, while Lucy struggled on, without a murmur, till at length they stood opposite a heavy building, very much unlike the "Newgate" of the present times.

Far advanced into the street, was a strong, fortified gate, probably the barbican of one of the entrances into the city, and there were soldiers at the door; but no opposition was made to the proceedings of the party, till they had reached an iron gate, leading into the inner court. There they were stopped by some stout, rough men, who demanded to see their pass; but who, on seeing the writing of the Lord General, told them to go on, and opened the wicket.

Some thirty or forty yards further, as they passed along a plastered and somewhat dilapidated passage, another iron gate presented itself, with a large lantern burning behind, and two men smoking pipes, and seemingly half-asleep.

Here, however, the examination was more strict, and some difficulty was made to the admission of Sir Edward Langdale and Sergeant Loftus further into the interior of the building.

Lucy hardly heard what was said; for her mind was so completely filled with the thoughts of the interview that was approaching, her ears could hardly admit anything else into the council chamber of the brain. She had a faint impression, however, that some one said,—"They are my daughter and my servant;" and that some money was given and received quietly, when she was again hurried forward, and another heavily studded iron door presented itself.

There, a man almost gigantic, with a large key in his hand, appeared, and read the pass with great care. He grumbled something about the number of prisoners, and the quantity of passes, and his reverence for the Lord General; but ended by unlocking the door, and telling Lucy to go straight forward till she met a warder.

"He will show you the cell," he said. "It is one apart, by superior authority. Marry he is greatly favored, when we have sometimes five in a room not larger than a baker's oven. You two, stay here," he continued, "the pass is for the girl alone."

No remonstrances or persuasions had any effect; and opposing his burly person in the aperture of the half-open door, he kept Sir Edward and Loftus back, while he suffered Lucy to pass in, and called to a warder, who was creeping along at the other end of the passage, with a lantern in his hand, and bade him admit the "young woman" to cell forty-four, under a pass from the Lord General.

The warder's lantern was the only light in the corridor, if it could be so called, and a dim obscurity reigned within, but there were several persons passing about, and one of them, in hurrying by, ran rudely against the poor girl, who had hardly strength to stand. She recoiled against the wall at the side, and was only conscious that something which felt like a paper had been put into her hand, when the warder called her roughly to come on; and a moment or two after, he opened a door on the right, saying:

"A young woman to see you, master," and held up the light, to let her see her way in.

The lantern, though dim enough, sent its dusky rays all round the little cell as Lucy, with shaking limbs and beating heart, approached the door. Her eyes ran quickly round, from side to side; but there was no one there; and instantly concluding that they had removed him for ever from the shores of England ere she could see him again, she uttered a shrill, almost despairing cry, and fell upon the ground.

The crowded state of the prison, the number of persons who were in the passages, the faintness of the light, and the sudden rush forward of Sir Edward Langdale, as soon as he heard his daughter's voice, together with the short, useless struggle of the turnkey to keep him back, and the hurrying up of several warders and a soldier to see what was the matter, produced for several minutes a scene seldom beheld within those gloomy walls.

Sorrow, and despair, and agony, they witnessed often enough; but those commonly, marched on with the slow tread of tragedy, without haste or bustle; but now everything was confusion. The large doors at each end of the passage were closed; and while Sir Edward Langdale held his child in his arms, and questioned her eagerly, the empty cell was strictly examined, but in vain.

For a short time, Lucy did not, for she could not, answer; but at length she said,

"Oh, my father, they have sent him into banishment, without letting me see him, as was promised. It was cruel of the Lord General, so to deceive me."

"No, young woman," said the warder, who had just come forth from the cell. "He is not there, sure enough; but he has not been sent away. Here comes the Governor, however—and he will soon tell whether you have not had some hand in this yourself."

The investigation which followed, however, led to no result. At first the head jailor, or Lieutenant Governor (a rank which I believe he bore,) threatened, blustered, and spoke high, but the safe conduct and pardon under Cromwell's own hand and seal, which Sir Edward Langdale carried, and the pass given to Lucy that very night, with the Lord General's undoubted signature, soon removed any suspicion which had at first fallen upon them. The soldiers and turnkeys defended themselves as best they could, asserting earnestly that no one had passed since they came on duty, two hours before, except some of the officers of the prison; and gradually, the chief seemed to change his views, and to conclude that, instead of denouncing all and everybody to the Lord General, as he had at first menaced, it would be as well to say as little upon the subject beyond the prison walls as possible.

"Among such a number of captives, as we have here," he said, "some must contrive to get away. Why, Matyn and Middleton escaped from the Tower, where there are only five or six, while here, we count by thousands. One out of such a number, will probably not be missed; and if he be, I must make the money good."

Sir Edward Langdale would not even betray by a smile, a happy suspicion that crossed his mind; but drew Lucy's arm through his, and asked the officer if they would be permitted to depart.

No opposition was made, and only a hint added in a low tone that it would be better to keep silence upon all that had occurred that night.

"The sooner you are out of the country, I should judge, the better," said the man in power. "Your safe conduct has not long to run."

Sir Edward made no reply, but passed out, and soon found himself and Lucy in the street, with Loftus, who was eager to hear what had caused the commotion, but kept silence at a word from the Knight, till, through the same storm of wind and rain, they reached the small house where they had started an hour or two before.

An old woman let them in, and lighted the candles, saying,

"Oh, my pretty lady, you are mighty wet. You had better go and change your clothes."

"Presently, presently, Mistress Groves," said Lucy, "go up and light me a fire in my room; I must rest and take breath for a moment."

The landlady of their little lodging was discreet, as all landladies ought to be, and at the word, she left the three who had just returned, together.

Confused with all that had passed, Lucy gazed imploringly in her father's face, seeking some comfort from his better judgment of the events which had confounded hers.

"He has escaped, my child!—I do trust he has escaped," said Sir Edward, kissing her cheek—"but what is that, Lucy, you keep so tight in your hand? You gave the pass to the jailor."

"I do not know," answered Lucy, throwing a small paper on the table. "A man ran against me in the prison passage—and I found that in my hand."

"The Earl's writing! the Earl's writing," exclaimed Sergeant Loftus, who looked at the paper without ceremony. "A man dashed by me, just after you went in; and the door-keeper did not try to stop him."

"And, by me," said the Knight, "but that was not Bernard."

And taking up the paper, he read the few words written upon it. They were simply,

"In France, not Virginia! On the Rance, not on the James!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ Rev. Dean Trench, in his excellent work on English, past and present, after noticing the anomalous construction of the word "its," says it "does not once occur through the whole of our authorized version of the Bible—occurs only three times in all Shakspeare—was a word unknown to Ben Johnson—was not admitted into his poems by Milton—and did not come into common use until a few years before Dryden sanctioned it in his writings."

☞ I AND J.—There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language, which occasion so much trouble or cause so much misconstruction as the two letters, I and J, as many inadvertently write them. The rule for writing them properly, and which should be universally understood and adopted, is to extend the J below the line, while the I should be written even with the line. If those who write I for J knew how it sometimes puzzled printers, they would remember the above suggestions.

☞ "Doctor," said Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, to Dr. Baillie, the celebrated physician, "don't you think that I write too much for my nervous system?" "No, I don't," said Dr. Baillie; "but I think you write too much for your reputation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

THE WAR.

The news by the Asia is mainly interesting as giving us the more matured opinions of the English and French journals relative to the seemingly dilatory course of the Austrian commander. There is the same uncertainty among the Foreign critics as we find on this side of the ocean. The *European Times* says:—

According to some authorities, it is the weather, for the rains in Piedmont at this season are heavy, and the tributary streams of the Po are swollen by the melting snows of the Alps, which render the embankments of the rivers so soft and yielding, as to seriously embarrass the movements of an invading army.—According to another version, the object is to draw the Sardinians into a disadvantageous position, or to delude them with feint tactics.—Another version for the Austrian retrograde movement is, a commendable anxiety about their great fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, on the Mincio, and of Verona and Legnago, on the Adige, and, above all and beyond all, of Milan, the capital of Austrian Italy, likely to be threatened by the French. Nothing but time, and that not very remote, can solve these conflicting enigmas, which are so perplexing to the politicians of Western Europe.

The *London Times* sums up its conjectures, and those of the London club-houses, probably, as follows:—

"Two great armies, animated by strong military spirit, and disposing of abundant resources, have been opposed to each other for nearly a fortnight in a country less than one hundred miles broad. A couple of marches might at any time have brought them face to face, but hitherto the result has only been patient and almost bloodless manœuvring. This result, too, has probably been a natural one, or, in other words, a necessary consequence of ascertained conditions. There are, of course, grounds for suspecting the Austrians of natural tardiness; but it must be remembered that, in precipitating the outbreak of actual war, they at once accomplished the object of forcing their antagonists to open the campaign. They did not march upon the Sardinian capital—possibly they never contemplated such a condition; but they at least compelled the French to enter Sardinia without further preparation, and this, perhaps, was their design. But, after achieving this much by their abrupt advance, they have done little more. They have taken no advantage, that we can see, of their strong and well-appointed army, comprising all the energies and appliances which half a century of military progress has developed. It is plain, on the other side, that the French, though Europe gave them credit for four months' preparation, were by no means well prepared."

We hear nothing further of disaffection in the Austrian army—nothing of Hungarian disaffection—nothing of Kossuth being at the French or Sardinian head-quarters. For that matter, Kossuth appears to be still in London, as it is announced that he will attend a public meeting in that city, called to enforce the doctrine of non-intervention by England in the present struggle. Judging from this step of Kossuth's, he would not favor such a diversion in aid of France, as an insurrection in Hungary, at this time, would afford.

The French army and Emperor seem to be confident of success, and eager to act upon the offensive as soon as possible—while Austria appears to have resolved to stand upon the defensive. Should she retire over the Po, upon her successive lines of defence, strengthened as they are said to be by some of the strongest fortresses in Europe, it would seem to be a very difficult task to dislodge her. And yet the very object of the war appears to be to drive her out of Lombardy and Venice—not to succeed in which, is ingloriously to fail. It may be that the crossing of the Ticino, was simply to precipitate the war, before France was fully prepared—to quarter the Austrian army on the enemy's country—to provision fully and cheaply the Austrian garrisons in Lombardy—and to sweep the territory in front of their first line of defence of all the means of forage and subsistence. If these were the ends to be gained—ends which contemplated from the first a defensive and not an offensive course of action—the Austrians may not have been so unwise in their generation as some have supposed. If this view be correct, we shall have no news by the next steamship of any great battle on the Sardinian plains—but news simply of an Austrian recrossing of the Ticino and the Po, and an awaiting on their part, in their strongest positions, the advance and attack of the allied armies. If we are correctly informed, the Austrians have three natural lines of defence, each artificially strengthened—first the line of the Po, second that of the Mincio, and thirdly that of the Adige. In case of a defeat on the first line, they could rally on the second; there defeated, on the third. In the event, however, of a defeat of the Allies before the first line, their situation would seem rather critical. Louis Napoleon, it is evident, has sufficient difficulties before him fully to test his generalship. If he can make but a summer's campaign of driving the Austrians out of Italy, he will be somewhat entitled to wear hereafter the little cocked hat of the illustrious head of what he delights to call his "dynasty." We shall be unbelievers, however, until we see the deed accomplished.

ATLANTIC CITY.

We understand that great improvements have been made within the last year at this favorite place of sea-shore resort. Spacious avenues have been opened, and not only opened, but gravelled—beautiful cottages have been erected—and the evidences of prosperity and rapid advancement are now to be seen on every hand. We do not wonder at this—for, ever since our first visit to Atlantic City, two summers ago, we have held the opinion that the easiness of access to that place, which makes it almost a suburb of Philadelphia, must give it very great advantages over every rival resort. And we may further say, that we consider the building of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, an almost philanthropic enterprise, so far as its effects are concerned. What a relief to the tired and enervated frame—harrassed with the cares of business in the summer months—to be enabled to gain new life and tone by a ride of a few hours to the fresh and invigorating breezes of the ocean shore. It is really a great boon conferred upon Philadelphia. It is like opening a door looking out upon the sea—the glorious and untrammelled sea. The Atlantic Railroad and Atlantic City therefore greatly deserve the public patronage—and glad we are that they cannot fail to receive it. May both prosper according to their deserts—their best friend could wish them no higher degree of prosperity.

CURIOUS ENOUGH.

Solomon said that "there was nothing new under the sun," and his remark seems to be true, so far as applied to the present difficulty between France and Austria. A correspondent of the *North American* calls attention to a passage from Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," published in 1548, more than three centuries ago. It will be seen by it that France was playing a curiously similar game when this passage was written to that which she is playing now—and the wisdom of the old moralist's comments, and especially of his advice to the French monarch, "to content himself with his own kingdom of France, and to make it as flourishing as he could," is just as applicable now as it was three centuries ago. But to the extract in question:

"Well, suppose I were with the French King, and there sitting in his Counsell, whiles in that most secret consultation, the King himselfe there being present in his owne person, they beat their braines, and search the very bottomes of their wits, to discusse by what craft and meanes the King may still keepe Millaine [Milan], and draw to him againe fugitive Naples, and then how to conquer the Venetians, and how to bring under his jurisdiction all Italie; then how to winne the Dominion of Flanders, Brabant, and all Burgundy, with divers others Lands, whose kingdomes hee hath long agoe in mind and purpose invaded. Heere, whiles one counsaileth to conclude a League of Peace with the Venetians, so long to endure as shall be thought meete and expedient for their purpose, and to make them also of their Counsell, yea, and besides that, to give them part of the prey, which afterward, when they have brought their purpose about, after their owne minds, they may require and claim again. * * * Another giveth counsell to make peace with the King of Arragon, and to restore unto him his owne kingdome of Navarre, as a full assurance of peace. Another cometh in with his five egges, and adviseth to hooke in the King of Castile, with some hope of affinitee or allyance. * * * * Whiles they all stay at the chiefest doubts of all, what to doe in the meantime with England, and yet agree all in this, to make with the Englishmen, and with most sure and strong bonds to binde that weake and feeble friendship, soe that they must be called friends, and had in suspicion as enemies. * * * * * * * * * * * * Here, if I, silly man, should rise up, and will them to turn over the leafe, and learne a new lesson, saying, that my counsaile is not to meddle with Italie, but to tarry still at home, and that the kingdom of France alone is almost greater, than that it may well be governed of one man, so that the King should not need to study how to get more; * * * and when they had gotten it, * * * they had even as much trouble and vexation in keeping it as they had in getting it. * * * Furthermore if I should declare unto them that all this busie preparance to warre, whereby so many nations for his sake should be brought into a troublesome hurly-burly, when all his coffers were emptied, his Treasures wasted, and his people destroyed, should at the length, through some mischance, be in vaine and to none effect, and that therefore it were best for him to contente himself with his owne kingdom of France, to make much of it, to enrich it, and to make it as flourishing as he could; to endeavor himself to love his subjects, and againe to be beloved of them, willingly to live with them, peaceably to governe them, and with other kingdomes not to meddle, seeing that which he hath already is even enough for him, yea, and more than he can well turn him to. This, mine advice, Master More, how thinke you, would it not be hardly taken? So God helpe me, not very thankfully, quoth I."—p. 68, edition of 1639—The Commonwealth of Utopia.

The above shows how old are these French designs upon Italy, and how little good to either France or Italy has ever come of them. In fact, Napoleon himself gave Venice to Austria.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 195—Adults 88, and children 107.

CITIES ECONOMIZING.—The cities of Dubuque, Davenport and Keokuk, in Iowa, have dispensed with the use of gas for lighting the streets. Keokuk has also abolished its police force, and Dubuque has reduced the number of policemen to half-a-dozen. The object is to economize in order to pay their debts.

A NICE BUSINESS.—Our readers doubtless have heard of the "tickle me, I'll tickle you" policy. But have they ever heard of the "cut my throat, and I'll cut yours" way of doing business? If they have not, we can enlighten them with an illustration of it—drawn from the April business of the four great Railroad lines of this country. The following figures exhibit their losses in April, as compared with the corresponding month of last year:

New York Central loses	$181,000
New York and Erie loses	177,000
Pennsylvania loses	88,000
Baltimore and Ohio loses	114,000
Total loss,	$560,000

One consolation in the above is, that the half million the railroads have lost, those that used the roads have saved. It is a good thing for them, at least, that "the fools are not all dead yet."

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

L. N. C. The way "to get a book published" is: first, to write a book worthy of being published,—a somewhat difficult operation. Having done this, copy it off in a fair, round hand, such as can be easily read, and send it by express, &c., to any of the book publishers, such as Lippincott & Co., Peterson & Brothers, J. W. Bradley, Appleton & Co., &c., &c. In the course of a few weeks, or months, or years,—if you dun them sufficiently—you will receive an answer, in ninety-nine cases in the hundred, to the following effect: "Dear Sir (or Madam). We have perused your manuscript—" (a very doubtful assertion that)—"but find it not exactly adapted to our style of publications;" or "we have so many works on hand just now that we cannot possibly think of undertaking any others"—or, perhaps curtly, thus:—"We do not find your work suitable for publication, and therefore respectfully return it to you." In one case in a hundred, or a thousand, an answer offering to publish the work, and alluding to their terms, may be sent to the gratified author—who will be unable to sleep for three nights hand-running in consequence thereof, and will lose all appetite for such gross food as meat and vegetables; the vision of Fame, that very thinnest of all thin diets, being alike sleep and food to him. If "L. N. C." has written a book, which she think "compares with the standard fiction writers of the day," the above will enable her to bring it out in all its glory, or else to see speedily what some other people think of it. The book-publishers, we may add, though sometimes mistaken in their opinions, are, on the whole, pretty good judges of what a work is; they generally "know a hawk from a hernshaw"—what will bring down the game, from what will be made game of.

D. M. N. Very little chance, we are afraid. Better stick to Illinois—people cannot be crowded out there yet. After the coming crop there ought to be at least enough to eat and drink for every industrious, able-bodied man, which is not always the case in Philadelphia.

Z. C. M. As we have never heard any complaint that the party in question does not fulfill his engagements, we suppose he must satisfy his correspondents. We do not think very favorably of the art in question, however. It is doubtless done by the use of some stupifying drug.

DESDEMONA. Mrs. Myra Townsend, 622 Race Street, is either the President, or the chief officer of the Rosine Association.

CRITIC. An English Journal says Trafalgar is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, Tra-fal'-gar. But Byron pronounces it differently in "Childe Harold:"

"The armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar."

Here the accent must be either on the first or the last syllable, or, which sounds better, on both.

JOHN. You want a receipt to destroy Asmbugs. We cannot furnish it to you—you might begin on yourself, and afterwards be hung for suicide.

WOMAN.

Not she with traitorous kiss the Saviour stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, when apostles shrank, could danger brave;
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave!

—*Mrs. Browning.*

☞ "Talking of getting a good deal out of a little piece of land," said Simson, "why I bought an acre of old Mr. Ross, planted one acre of it with potatoes and the other in corn." "I thought you said you bought only one acre, Simson?" remarked the listener; "how could you plant two?" "Very easily, sir; I stood it up on the end, and planted both sides of it."

☞ The following lines "upon a lady who squinted" are inimitable:

If ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

☞ Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, was once asked whether he really delivered in the House of Commons a speech which the newspapers ascribed to him? "Why, to be sure," said he, "there are many things in that speech which I did say, and there are more which I wish I had said."

☞ It may be said in illustration of the sweetness and the sting of the English language, that its very alphabet begins with A B.

☞ There are three kinds of friends; friends who love you, friends who do not trouble themselves about you, and friends who hate you.

☞ Sweep first before your own door, before you sweep before your neighbor's.—*Miss Bremer.*

FOUR MONTHS IN THE SEWERS.—A curious story, wonderful *if true*, is told of Leopold Meyer, a German, who was a kind of king chiffoniere in Paris, and acquainted with the sewers there. Coming here, he conceived the brilliant project of exploring the city sewers for valuables. He entered the Houston Street sewer, East River, and got nearly scalded to death by an exhaust of steam from the factory of Hoe & Co., corner of Broome and Sheaff Streets, the first day. His trowsers and under clothing were India rubber, India rubber shoes, a wire sack on shoulder, hook in hand, usual mining lamp, &c. He designed to make for the Fifth avenue, but after five days he became bewildered; passing his nights in the nauseous clefts adjoining these culverts. On Thursday he killed a dog who refused to let him pass, and at the junction of Canal street captured, killed and cooked a terrapin that had evidently escaped from some eating house, and had taken to the sewer. In the Fifth Avenue sewer he found $10,000 worth of articles. He was four weeks getting out, in consequence of high tides, and four months in the sewers. He immediately left the city, to avoid restoring the money.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

The year is just entering upon its loveliest and most triumphant season—and we with it, though not as large participants in the beauty and glory—not as full communicants in the sacrament of light and bloom and song.

The green flood of advancing summer is setting in upon us in every possible direction.—The live spirit of Nature cannot be kept down, even by the mighty weight of brick walls, marble slabs and paving stones. Wherever it finds an unguarded chink and a handfull of friendly earth, it creeps out in moss, or pricks a passage forth by slender grass-blades. Wherever stands a tree, it reaches it, through the most noisome under-ground ways, climbs along its roots, leaps up its trunk, laughs forth into the air in blossoms, and quick unfurls a million of rejoicing banners to the sun.

In our public squares it has a grand outburst, a glorious irruption of verdure and beauty, amid the monotonous, rectangular waste, the "howling wilderness" of brick and mortar and endless traffic.

In these squares the children "most do congregate"—many of them the children of the poor—pale, timid, ignorant little creatures, who know as little of the country, of forests and streams and broad green meadows, starred with buttercups and daisies, as of Heaven and the Celestial Fields. Here they come and feast their starved hearts with wonder and innocent delight. The green, over-arching boughs, and the soft, luxuriant turf form for them "a new heaven and a new earth."

It always seems to me that those grand old trees are visible, conscious ministers of God to these poor little ones; that they stretch forth their arms benignantly, and drop blessings with their sun-flecked shade—that their waving boughs carefully winnow the air of all impurities—that their very leaves exhale a breath of strength and healing.

It seems, too, that every violet that winks amid the grass is colored purposely by the tender heaven, to put celestial thoughts into their simple, untaught souls—that sunbeams plunge into the earth, and re-appear as buttercups and dandelions, to gladden their weary eyes. For them the compassionate heart of Nature gushes forth in the fountain; the waters laugh and leap and make rainbows in the sun for their refreshment and delight. For this they rose among mossy mountain springs—dashed down rocky ledges, and swept on through leagues of lonely woodland and flowery meadow; green gorges and shadowy valleys, and leaving light and loveliness behind them, suffered imprisonment in reservoirs, and groped their way out through dark, leaden channels, to the glad air and sunshine of the upper world.

Well, I would rather be the enslaved, but benignant sprite of a city-fountain, sprinkling cool, baptismal spray on the wan brows and fevered cheeks of the forlorn children of poverty and sin, than the free spirit of a mountain waterfall, dancing down the rocks in careless gladness and beauty, royally clad in rainbows and silver mist—with no human heart to echo my laughter, or to ease its hot pantings of weariness and pain, in the dewy coolness of my presence.

Grander to me is the smallest *jet-d'eau* that springs from a dull wayside wall, or amid the dreary square of a crowded city, flowing daily for the poor, than the mightiest fountain that adorns a palace garden, and, on rare occasions, spouts for the pleasure of kings—now leaping and flashing and raying forth in a thousand brilliant jets—now heaving upward and outward in great, tumbling seas—now rising in an enormous solid column, haughtily aspiring toward heaven, like an aqueous Tower of Babel.

It was beautiful to me to see how miraculously the ancient "water privileges" of Rome had been spared to the people, through the destructions and tumults of a thousand wars. The stupendous and luxurious baths of emperors and princes have fallen to ruins, but the Alban hills yearn toward the grand old city yet, in a hundred street fountains, sending into the most gloomy and decaying *piazza* a voice of cheerfulness, a sight of beauty, a pure, indestructible element, the sweet, healthful lifetide of Nature.

There are in the very heart of our city, where the land has risen to an enormous value, a few fine old private gardens, where Aristocracy and Beauty stand at bay, against the march of improvement and the spirit of avarice,—little isles of greenery and bloom, around which sweep and surge the noisy billows of traffic and travel. I bless the possessor of every such garden, whenever I chance upon it. I honor him for holding on to his birthright against the most tempting mess of pottage which private interest or municipal enterprise can concoct.—He may be actuated by a spirit of patrician exclusiveness or selfish indulgence—but for all that, his garden is a public benefaction. His gates are of iron and firmly bolted, but through the bars we catch inspiring glimpses of a little domesticated paradise. His walls are thick and high, but they are brimmed with bloom and fragrance, and spill some over on to the busy, toiling world without. The red May roses now climbing up the walls, and hanging their bounteous clusters over the sidewalk, drop more than perfumes and loosened petals upon me as I pass—a sense of joyful gratitude to Him who, from the infinite heights of His Godhood, dropped upon our poor world, tender, compassionate thoughts, which quickened into roses, odorous with His love.

Yea, blessed be the man who, in the midst of the weary, hot and dusty city, planteth and fostereth trees and vines, shady and fragrant! But what shall be said of the man who keeps an Ailanthus tree, to sicken the languid air of summer for squares around him?

"Ah! his offence is rank—it smells to heaven!"

The opera is over for the season, the singing-birds are all flown, and the magnificent Academy is closed. It is strange to think of that scene of dazzling light, of splendor and song, as dark, deserted and silent. What a profoundly gloomy and lonely place it must be to look up

cal. A great empty minster at midnight, with only a few pale lights winking about the altar, and the dim starlight gleaming on monumental figures, were not half so melancholy and fearsome a sight, as this vast abandoned temple of fashion—this splendid burial-place of dead harmonies. It seems to me that the mirrors in the *foyer* and the dressing-rooms must be dreaming of the sweet faces and lovely toilettes they so lately reflected—that the air about the stage must yet be faintly throbbing with the voices which have pierced it and thrilled it like light, permeated it like dew and fragrance—floated over it, silvery soft, in mists of sound—beaten it back like torrents, and stormed through it like tempests.

We saw but two operas this season—*Robert Le Diable*, and Flotow's *Martha*. This last I shall always remember most pleasantly for the jolly part of *Plunkett*, of which Carl Formes—(knowest thou Carl—the handsomest and *profundo-est* of bassos?—an' thou knowest him not, then art thou most unfortunate of women!)—of which Carl Formes, I say, made a most glorious frolic, disporting himself with a most daring, dashing, rollicking humor under the very *lorgnettes* and moustaches of the critics. They made virtuous efforts to frown on him, at the time, and they berated him soundly the next day—but natheless, my opinion is he will do the same thing next time, should the whim take him. He does not look like a man to be put down, or dictated to, even by musical critics. His offences were that he gave real kisses and kicks—cracked his riding whip too noisily, sung occasionally in his mother German, and now and then, just for practice, no doubt, aired his English vocabulary, in a very funny way—all sins against "high art," art on stilts—but hardly in a comic opera, sins against nature.

Formes is a wonderful comic actor, but I think after all, he is greatest in tragedy. I have never seen on the lyric stage, a more powerful personation than his *Bertram*, in *Robert le Diable*, except *Ronconi's Duke de Chevreuse*, in *Maria de Rohan*. *That* stands alone in my mind,—a transcendant and terrible memory.

Herr Formes's *Bertram* is not only full of power and satanic grandeur, but it has toward the last, touches of pathos, quite unexpected and irresistible, after the infernal part he has played—he being the real devil of the tragedy, and Robert his son, only a sort of half-breed. The part is Mephistophelian, and played with something of superhuman art. The costume, in especial a black velvet cloak, with a crimson lining, is a piece of refined diabolism, adding immense effect to the wierd and sombre character.

If you have seen this opera of Meyerbeer, you will remember the scene called *La Temptation*. This was doubtless intended by the composer to be something very impressive and terrible—but as given on this night, it was simply *bizarre* and absurd. The resurrection of the wicked nuns was little calculated to curdle one's blood, or straighten up one's hair,—they popped out of their tombs with anything but "the glide of a spirit," and as they stalked about the stage, every winding sheet showed the ugly bulge of hoops. When, at length, they flung off their shrouds, preparatory to the Bacchanalian dance, which is a part of the temptation, each resuscitated sister appeared as a ballet-girl, and the Lady Superior as the *premiere danseuse*, skipping and whirling about poor Robert, in the most bewitching and bewildering manner. Her object is to persuade him to take from the tomb of the blessed Saint Rosalie, a certain talismanic branch. For all his reckless wickedness, the Duke shrinks from so fearful an act of sacrilege—but the wiles and smiles of a pirouetting Lady Superior who can circle him thrice on the tips of her toes, are too much for his feeble virtue.

If the ballet *must* be, it should always remain, I think, a thing apart—a distinct and separate institution. Mixed with an opera, or drama, it is always distasteful to me.

By itself, a ballet is a beautiful and fascinating, yet a sorrowful spectacle. If you reflect at all at such a time, it is melancholy to think of so much study and care and toil, of so many weary days and nights being given to an art so frivolous—of so much will, perseverance and heroic endurance resolved into the muscles of instep and ankle, and concentrated in toe-joints,—of so much intellect run to legs.—The finer the dancing and the more beautiful the dancer, the sadder is the feeling at my heart, underlying all the admiration and the wonder. When I have seen some fairy-queen of the ballet, flower-crowned, spangled and smiling, spring far up into the air, as though really borne on her clashing Psyche-like wings, and descend to earth as lightly as a rose-leaf, or a snow-flake—when I have seen her fly around and around the stage, on the tips of her toes, a marvellous movement, like nothing so much as the dainty run of a little beach-bird, along the edge of the ocean surf—when I have seen her spin like a top, and bend like an osier, and smile and curtsey to the applauding audience, with all the humble rapture of a poor peri just assured of pardon and paradise, I have marvelled, I have even applauded, but in my secret soul I have felt like weeping. As I have seen her gather up her boquets, and pressing them to her bosom, bound from the stage, I have wondered if that ecstatic smile lingered an instant on her lips behind the scenes—if it had not strained her spirit more than her most difficult *pose* had strained her limbs,—I have wondered if her triumphs satisfied her heart, if her flowers even smelled sweet to her, and I have thought that she was, at best, but like one of the roses or camelias in her arms—severed in all her fair young life from the tree of noble womanhood, to bloom for a brief while in the unnatural glow of the stage-lights—then to fade, to be flung aside and forgotten.

This reminds me of a characteristic anecdote of Carlyle, which I heard in England. I must preface it by reminding you that the ancient arms of the Isle of Man are three legs. This sounds like an Irish bull, but it isn't one. These three legs, which you may have observed on Manx coin, (rendering that money peculiarly appropriate for the payment of legacies and the footing of bills,) point in different directions, like the spokes of a wheel.

Well, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, and a lady-friend, were, one night, at the Covent Garden Opera-House, when Cerito danced. Just before she came bounding on to the stage, all light, loveliness, and grace—a visible joy, an embodied harmony, Carlyle arose and left the box, and did not return till the close of the ballet-performance.

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle!" exclaimed his fair friend, "you don't know what you have lost! How could you leave just then, and deny yourself the sight of that exquisite and marvellous creature?"

"I left, madam," replied the sturdy essayist, in a tone of sorrowful satire, "because I had no heart to see a woman with an immortal soul, making a Manx penny of herself."

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR—A FAREWELL REPAST—THE EMPRESS REGENT AND COUNCIL—PRINCE JEROME AND HIS CHAPLAIN—THE CAMP OF THE TURCOS—ITALIAN ENTHUSIASM—FACTS ABOUT ITALY—FUNERAL OF A PHILOSOPHER.

Paris, May 12, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Whatever may have been going on in the diplomatic world since the date of my last, no success appears to have been achieved in that direction; and the last hopes of a peaceful issue from present complications, based on the delay of the Emperor Napoleon in leaving for Italy, and the unaccountable tardiness of the Austrians in following up the advantage gained by their precipitate entrance into Piedmont, have now been dispelled by the departure of Louis Napoleon, who left for Marseilles and Genoa at half-past five on Tuesday last, accompanied by his staff, by Prince Napoleon, and by the Empress, who went with him as far as Montereau, whither the present male representative of the great culinary House of Chevet had repaired on the previous day, to prepare a dinner worthy of imperial palates. The Emperor's *Cortege* included, among other troops, rather more than half the corps of the Cent Gardes, that fine, picked, favored regiment, envied and hated by the rest of the army, to whom the personal safety of the sovereign is especially committed, and who looked with the bright sunlight of Paris glancing on their splendid accoutrements, more like a combination of the contents of jeweler's windows and midsummer flower-beds, than men about to grapple with an implacable foe, amidst the horrors of the battle-field.

The Emperor and Empress, after hearing mass in the Tuileries, got into an open carriage drawn by eight horses, and with a number of others preceding them, drove slowly along the Rue de Rivoli, densely lined by the ubiquitous crowd of Paris, to the station of the Lyons railway. They were frequently cheered, the feeling of the people, until lately so strongly opposed to the war, having begun to change from the moment that the war was found to have commenced. Reluctant as the French have been to see the commerce and trade of the country imperilled, and to incur the inevitable burdens of a struggle of which no one can foresee the end, let French blood actually flow, and especially let a victory be gained thereby, and the whole country will probably be enthusiastic for war, and as thirsty for blood as they showed themselves to be some half a century ago. A melancholy conclusion to arrive at; but one which will, I fear, be forced on the world by events not long to be waited for.

After dining with the Emperor at Montereau, the Empress returned to Paris by a special train that evening; and has now taken up her abode, with the little Prince, at St. Cloud, where she means to remain during the summer. A "decree" in the *Moniteur* of Tuesday last, conferred on her the title and functions of "Empress-Regent," empowering her to exercise supreme sway during the Emperor's absence, in strict accordance with the orders left by the sovereign for the management of the affairs of the State, and pointing out, with curious particularity, that although the "Empress-Regent" was to be supreme "within the limits already marked out by these orders," she was not to go in any way beyond them, and also providing that she should "in all cases" confer with "our well-beloved uncle," who is left President of the Council of Regency, and come to a decision on all matters conformably to his advice, and assisted by the zeal and wisdom of the members of that Council. In his proclamation of last week to the nation, the Emperor tells France that he confides the safety of the Empress and of his son to the guardianship of the nation, assured that no harm will be permitted to touch "them, or the interests of the dynasty accepted by France," during his absence, and while he is engaged in supporting the national honor, and the traditions of France.

The son who, with his mother, and the internal quiet of the country, is thus entrusted to the popular keeping, was sent to a photographer on the Boulevard, the day before the Emperor left, and photographed for the consolation of his Imperial papa. As usual, a numerous crowd gathered outside the house, eager to catch a sight of the little fellow when he came out.

The Duke de Malakoff, recalled from London, has been appointed to the command of all the troops remaining in France; his late marriage to a relative of the Empress, has no doubt had the effect which it was understood by the public as intended to accomplish, and has probably secured to the house of the present ruler, the allegiance which was suspected, at one period, to be wavering between it and the house of Orleans.

Count de Persigny, meantime, is preparing to assume again the post of Ambassador to London. As to the Ministers, it is reported that several changes will occur; M. Delangle and M. de Morny disliking each other, and being themselves disliked by Prince Jerome, who declares that he will not have them in office during the Emperor's absence.

The old Prince has conceived the warmest affection for his new daughter; and not content with erecting for her the pretty little private oratory mentioned in a former letter, is now causing a covered balcony to be put up for her sole use and pleasure, at the western extremity of the Galerie d'Orleans, adjoining the apartments occupied by her in the Palais-Royal. Her amiable little Highness will enjoy, from this balcony, a magnificent view over Paris, with which she may console herself during the absence of her lord.

Though very much more respectable in his private life than most of the other members of his family, and on the whole thought well of by the public, Prince Jerome is anything than devout, and a very good story has been circulating here, relative to the Princess Clotilda's aspirations after personal and domestic devotions. It seems that Prince Jerome, when informed of the wish of his daughter-in-law, that mass should be celebrated regularly every day in her residence, sent directly for the steward of his household,—the Prince and Princess Napoleon residing in a wing of the Palais-Royal, Prince Jerome's residence—and stated to this officer that the Princess Clotilda was desirous of having mass celebrated daily in the palace, such having been the custom in her father's house, and that he therefore wished his architect to be sent for, that a chapel might at once be prepared in the palace.

"But, monseigneur," returned the steward, "there is a chapel already existing in the palace."

"Is there, indeed?" rejoined Prince Jerome; "how very fortunate! Well, then, let it be at once fitted up, and let a chaplain be found."

"I have the honor to inform monseigneur," replied the steward, "that the chapel is in perfect order, and that a chaplain is, and has always been attached to the household of monseigneur."

"Dear me! I am delighted to hear it! We can, then, satisfy the Princess's wishes without delay. Go to the chaplain, and tell him, with my compliments, that I shall be happy to see him, and at once."

The steward vanished, and the chaplain, in the course of a few minutes, made his appearance, being duly announced at the door of the Prince's dining-room, in which the audience of the steward had taken place, the Prince being on the point of sitting down to breakfast.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Chaplain," said the Prince, with his usual affability, and motioning the ecclesiastic to a chair, "I have just learned, with much pleasure, that there is a chapel in the palace, and that you are the chaplain of my household. The Princess Clotilda being desirous that mass should be said every day in the palace, I am anxious that her wishes should be satisfied, and I trust that you will have the goodness to aid me in carrying the matter into execution."

"To do so, monseigneur, would not only be a great pleasure to me, but my duty also," returned the chaplain, "were the ordinances of the Church not already celebrated in your Highness's house. But, I beg to inform your Highness that mass is always celebrated in the palace-chapel, every morning, and has been so every day since I have had the honor of being made chaplain to your Highness."

"I am charmed to learn this *fact*," responded the Prince, drawing his chair to the table, on which was a delicious repast, sending forth the most tempting aromas, "then there is no reason why the Princess's wish should not be gratified this day."

"Certainly not, monseigneur; in an hour's time mass will take place as usual, and it will be a matter of deep gratification to me to be able, in discharging the daily duties of my office, to satisfy also the pious desires of her Highness the Princess Clotilda."

"How very nice! I am really quite delighted! But, as we have an hour before us, do me the pleasure, Mr. Chaplain, to draw your chair to the table and share my breakfast."

It being the A B C of ritual observance among all good Catholics that no food must enter the lips of those who are intending to take the communion previous to that act, and the priests especially observing a rigid fast, until mass has been terminated, the invitation to breakfast on the part of Prince Jerome thus addressed to his chaplain in the innocence of his heart, strikes the Parisians as the most exquisite climax to the revelations of his utter indifference to ecclesiastical matters afforded by the whole scene, from beginning to end.

The chaplain, of course, respectfully declined his patron's invitation, and left him to the comfortable enjoyment of his luxurious repast, and the pleasing anticipation of the good news he would impart to his youthful daughter-in-law on its conclusion.

The subscription to the new loan of five hundred millions opened on Saturday at the different places appointed for that purpose, the crowd being very great at each. Accounts from the provinces state that the eagerness of the population to take up this loan exceeds that shown on any former occasion.

Troops and stores are being sent off with the greatest rapidity; and as the Emperor Francis Joseph is reported as about to place himself at the head of the Austrian army, we shall doubtless have something more definite ere long in the way of military operations. All manner of reports are flying about here, but it appears tolerably certain that nothing beyond slight skirmishes have taken place as yet between the Austrians and the advanced posts of the Franco-Italian army. By all accounts, the enthusiasm of the Italians is very great. At Genoa, the French troops were received as deliverers, and their camp was visited by all the townspeople.

A letter from Genoa, of the 1st, in the *Siecle*, says:—

"I yesterday visited the camp of the Turcos, as the French soldiers have nicknamed the native Arab regiments just raised in Algeria, and now serving in Italy. The camp is pitched in one of those charming spots that look like a terrestrial paradise, in the Valley of Palcevera. This valley is reached after passing through the suburb of San Piero d'Arena, containing palaces not less splendid than those of Genoa, is hemmed in by four low hills covered with orange, lemon and pomegranate trees and cactuses. The Turcos are a very fine sample of the Arab race, some of their native officers being remarkable, despite their dark skins, for the regularity of their features. The white turban sets off their energetic-looking heads to great advantage; and they wear, easily and gracefully, the large jacket and loose trowsers closely fastened at the waist. Their rapid movements betoken an elasticity which resembles more nearly the feline race than the human; and they bound about like tigers in the games with which they amuse themselves. Almost all these troops speak French with something of a guttural accent, and a drawling pronunciation, not, however, disagreeable.—The road leading to the camp of these novel supporters of the Gallic eagle, was the favorite promenade of the Genoese until the former had departed for Pontedecimo."

When the troops reached Asti (the native town of Alfieri, celebrated for its wines), on their road to Alessandria, where the first great battle of the campaign will probably be fought, the principal persons of the country conceived the plan of offering to every French soldier a glass of wine, and a committee was formed to carry out the idea. Those who were too poor to contribute wine offered their services to distribute the supply sent in; the bakers and confectioners were not less generous, and consequently, whenever a regiment arrived, on foot or otherwise, a glass of good wine, a biscuit, and a cigar, were presented to each man.

The King of Sardinia is now at the head of his army, and the Prince of Carignano, his cousin, is Lieutenant of the Kingdom in his absence. Victor Emmanuel has named a committee to manage the affairs of Tuscany, in conjunction with the Provisional Government, and everything is going on quietly in that duchy. There has been a counter-revolution in Parma, half the army going after the Duchess, and bringing her back to her capital, the other half looking quietly on. On the other points, the revolution holds its own, and is even progressing, the Valteline, and other Austro-Italian provinces emulating the movements of their neighbors.

The Austrians are behaving with the utmost rapacity and cruelty, levying enormous supplies of rations, forage, clothing, &c., and proclaiming martial law everywhere. "There is but one penalty for all offences, and that is death," says General Gyulai, in his proclamation to the Italians, and goes on to say that the refusal of supplies, all communication with "the enemy," all gatherings, whether armed or unarmed, the keeping of arms, the reception of deserters, the aiding and abetting of the enemy, directly or indirectly, are all to be punished with death, without delay. In spite of his professions that he is sent by "his august master" to free the Italians from their enemies, Count Gyulai and his troops are doing all they can to make the Austrians more detested than ever in Italy and by the world, while the French buy everything they need at fair prices, and are said—owing to the haste with which they were embarked, and the incompleteness of their preparations—to have expended several millions of francs, in Genoa alone, in the purchase of mules, wagons, cloaks, linen, trunks, &c.

It is now well known that a revolution would have occurred in Rome, had not the French General managed, by threats and entreaties, to keep the people from moving. Singular complication of affairs, in which the French, siding with the people in putting down the Austrian power, are obliged to take their stand against the same people in order to maintain the temporal power of the Pope! The latter is said to be far from reassured, notwithstanding the reception of an autograph letter from Louis Napoleon, assuring him of his unalterable filial affection and respect. The fortification of Ancona by the Austrians, who seem about to make it a second Sebastopol, is strongly opposed by the Pope, who considers it to be a violation of the neutrality of his dominions, and also as affording a pretext to France to throw more soldiers into Rome. A part of the troops in guard of Rome have been sent off to the neighborhood of the Neapolitan frontier, and a French squadron has appeared in the Adriatic. A struggle of the utmost obstinacy may be looked for, for Austria, whatever her reputation for political morality, is very strong as a military power, and is fully aware that France will strain every nerve to deal her a death-blow.

While Italy is made the field on which these rival despotisms are to meet in deadly conflict, some facts respecting the country which is made the pretext of the war may be not uninteresting. The population of Italy, according to the *Annuario Statistico-Italiano*, for 1858, amounts to 27,107,047 inhabitants. They are divided into 15 circumscriptions, of which 8, containing 19,913,304 souls, are under Italian Governments, and 7, with a population of 7,193,743, are under foreign rule. Italy contains 110 provinces, and 10,012 communes, and is one of the countries in which the largest cities and towns are to be found, 19 of them having more than 50,000 inhabitants, while 8—Rome, Naples, Palermo, Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa, and Turin—exceed 100,000. Nearly all the Italians are Roman Catholics, the number of those professing other Christian creeds being only 36,676, and of Jews 41,497. The births far exceed the deaths; the increase of population being particularly remarkable in Sicily and Tuscany, where it may double in 73 years. Italy alone has nearly one half of the total bishoprics of Europe; 256 out of 535. The average is 90,000 souls to each diocese; and in the Roman States there is one bishop for every 400,000 souls. The regular and secular clergy of both sexes count in Italy 169,000, and they are, as compared with the number of the population, as 1 to 142. The clergy are more numerous in Sicily than in any other part of Italy, or perhaps of the world, the number of priests, monks, and nuns being 33,286, or 1 out of every 69 inhabitants. Nearly 300 journals are published in Italy, 117 of these being published in the Sardinian States, although these contain but one-fifth of the total population. About the middle of 1858, Italy contained 1,759 kilometres (five-eighths of a mile,) of railways completed, 2,339 in course of construction, and 634 for which concessions had been granted. One of the principal branches of Italian industry is the production of silk, the value of that article, in ordinary years, being from 200,000,000 francs to 230,000,000 francs. Commerce is active, but the success is much impeded by the high tariffs in many of the States, and by the numerous lines of Custom-houses. The mercantile marine of Italy is more numerous, in proportion to extent of country, than that of any other European nation, England excepted.

Curiously enough, we learn by the last news from Australia, that the Austrian frigate *Novara*, which has been cruising about on a scientific mission in the Pacific for the last two years, had lately put into Tahiti, where the French naval commandant, ignorant, like his guests, of the fact that their respective governments were at loggerheads in the opposite hemisphere, received the officers and crew with the greatest cordiality. It is probable that the French Emperor will send instructions to the commanders of French ships and stations, to respect the scientific character of the employment of this frigate, and abstain from offering her any molestation.

The probable attitude of Prussia, Germany, and Great Britain, in the event of the war spreading beyond the confines of Italy, is anxiously discussed here. It is believed that Prussia will not side with Austria, unless the latter be attacked in her German possessions; but nothing is known here with any certainty respecting the intentions of that power. Meantime, the venerable and illustrious old Prussian philosopher, the death of whose favorite parrot was duly chronicled by your Correspondent a short time since, has now followed his feathered favorite to the grave. Alexander Von Humboldt, after a short illness, has deceased in the capital of his native land, and was buried in the Cathedral of that city, on Tuesday last, all the representatives of science, art, and intelligence in Berlin joining in the funeral procession. Three royal chamberlains, in costume of cloth of gold, bearing the various orders which had been showered on the deceased by all the sovereigns of Europe, preceded the funeral car, which was drawn by six horses from the royal stables. Upon the car lay the mortal remains of the *savant*, whom his King, and all the intelligence of Europe delighted to honor, in a simple, uncovered, oaken coffin, adorned with flowers, and wreaths of laurel. The students of the University walked in a body on either side of the car, bearing boughs of palm; and a line of private carriages, of immense length, closed the procession. The Prince Regent, with all the Princes and Princesses, were assembled in the cathedral, waiting the arrival of the mortal remains of the great and good old man whose death has saddened all Berlin, and will be learned with unfeigned regret throughout the whole civilized world. Baron Humboldt was born in Berlin, in 1769, and was consequently in his 90th year at the time of his decease. The long journeys of the author of "Kosmos" in the cause of scientific exploration, his vast acquirements, and extensive publications, many of which he was carrying on up to within a few days of his death, are too generally known to need recapitulation here.

QUANTUM.

PASSPORTS FOR EUROPEAN TOURISTS.—Washington, May 25.—As citizens of the United States visiting foreign countries are liable to serious inconveniences, if unprovided with authentic proof of their national character, their best safeguard is a passport from the State Department, certifying the bearer to be a citizen of the United States. Passports are issued gratuitously upon application supported by proof of citizenship.

This proof need be transmitted but once. On all subsequent occasions, a simple reference to it, and to the period when it was presented, will be sufficient.

When the applicant is a *native citizen of the United States*, he must transmit an affidavit of this fact, signed by him, stating his age and place of birth, and sworn to by himself, and one other citizen of the United States named therein, to whom he is personally known, and to the best of whose knowledge and belief the declaration made by him is true. This affidavit must be attested by a notary public, under his signature and seal of office. When there is no notary in the place, the affidavit may be made before a justice of the peace, or other officer authorized to administer oaths.

If the applicant be a *naturalized* citizen, his certificate of naturalization must be transmitted for inspection. It will be returned with the passport. The widow or the children of a naturalized citizen must transmit the certificate of the naturalization of the husband or the father, stating under oath that they are such widow or children.

The application should be accompanied by a description of the person, stating the following particulars, viz.:—*Age*, —— years: *Stature*, —— feet, —— inches, (English measure): *Forehead*, ——: *Eyes*, ——: *Nose*, ——: *Mouth*, ——: *Chin*, ——: *Hair*, ——: *Complexion*, ——: *Face*, ——.

When the applicant is to be accompanied by his wife, children, or servants, or by females under his protection, it will be sufficient to state the name and ages of such persons, and their relationship to the applicant.

Persons who leave the country, expecting to obtain passports, while abroad, from the diplomatic or consular agents of the United States, are liable to disappointment, inasmuch as it is the duty of those agents not to grant documents of that character, except to persons who are certainly known to be entitled to them; and it is sometimes difficult, if not impracticable, to procure proofs of this fact in a foreign country.

Certificates of citizenship or passports issued by State authorities or by judicial or municipal functionaries of the United States are not recognized by the officers of foreign governments, and by the twenty-third section of the act of Congress, approved on the 18th of August last, it is made penal for such authorities and functionaries to issue such passports.

DELIGHTS OF SOLDIERING.—The allowance granted to the French soldiers is not sumptuous. A recent letter says:—"Speaking of the army pay, it is not amiss to mention that the allowance for the keep of French soldiers is six sous for two meals a day. Some of our friends in England seem to think that these gallant fellows are fed on *Pate de foie gras*, or, at any rate, that the barrack cooking is quite artistic and delicious. Now the fact is simply this:—French soldiers in garrison have, every day of their lives, two basins of soup with the strings in it, which they call meat, and perhaps a few bits of onion or vegetable, by way of giving it a flavor; besides this, each man has 1½ pounds of coarse bread—nothing more. When on service they have a little wine; but otherwise, except on grand occasions, such as review, they have none, nor any spirits, beer, or coffee."

THE steamship Persia took out instructions from the Government at Washington to the American Minister at Paris, covering a notification to the French Government to the effect that, in the event of Germany being involved in the war, no interference with the Bremen and Hamburg steamers, carrying the United States mails, will be countenanced, as long as said steamers carry no merchandize contraband of war. This proceeding is deemed necessary, it seems, in consequence of certain significant expressions recently let fall from the lips of the French Minister at Washington, Count Sartiges, who, by the way, goes home by the Persia.

NEWS ITEMS.

FORTUNATE CHINAMEN.—Sandwich Island papers mention the arrival at Honolulu, of the ship Sea Serpent, from San Francisco, with 200 Celestials, homward bound, with a good share of the golden spoils of California. One, who for some time had been a silk merchant in San Francisco, had with him $150,000, the result of his mercantile operations.

THE PEACH CROP.—Nathaniel Wolfe, who is extensively engaged in peach growing, in Kent county, Maryland, says that the peach buds in his orchards are not at all injured by the frosts, so far, and that those in the orchards of Anthony Raybold, on his "Cassiday" farm in the same county, are in a good state of preservation.

A BRUTE SERVED RIGHTLY.—Richard Von Houton was in the habit of cruelly beating his wife, and a few days ago, while engaged in this *manly* pastime, his wife's brother came to his house, at Williamsburg, New York, and seizing a cudgel, gave the cowardly ruffian a tremendous threshing. The brother was arrested and taken before a justice, who dismissed the complaint, saying the defendant had done right, and should have chastised him still more.

QUITE MODERATE.—A London paper speaks of a very pretty bonnet, made of white crape, and mauve colored silk, "which only costs £12"—$60.

THE steamship Persia carried out $3,000,000 in specie and 240 passengers. Among the passengers is Cyrus W. Field, who goes out to see about re-laying the Atlantic Telegraph next year. $2,000,000 more has also gone out—making $5,000,000 in a week.

IN searching the house of Bishop Johnson, charged with murder, at Salt Lake, Utah, the United States officials were not able to discover the bishop—but found therein his *ten* wives. Four of these wives are sisters, and the bishop's own nieces, and he has, beside these, two sisters out of one family, and also a mother and her daughter. This is polygamy with a vengeance.

FLOUR FROM FRANCE.—The Albany (New York) Journal says that on 'change, Saturday morning last, C. W. Armstrong, Esq., exhibited a sample of 100 barrels of flour manufactured in France from wheat grown in that country. The flour was landed at Montreal, Canada, and will soon be forwarded to Albany, when it will be offered for sale.

IN Buffalo, last Wednesday, a child, six years old, was sent by his father for a pint of whiskey. Curiosity tempted the little one to swallow a mouthful or more of it, and he became intoxicated. Soon his sufferings were intense, and he died during the night.

IT is remarkable that the three sisters, and the only American ladies, we believe, who married British noblemen, had no offspring. The elder, the Marchioness of Wellesley, died a few years since, and her two sisters, the Duchess of Leeds and the Baroness Stafford, are now dowagers. These ladies were renowned for their personal beauty, and they were all widows when they married their noble husbands. Their neice, Miss McTavish, married a brother of the Earl of Carlisle.

DAUGHTERS OF MALTA.—The ladies of Blissfield, Michigan, have organized a lodge of the "Daughters of Malta," and are holding their mysterious meetings two or three evenings in each week.

CURE FOR SNORING.—An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he claims as a cure for snoring. It fastens upon the mouth a gutta percha tube, leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

THE eldest daughter of Governor Packer, of Pennsylvania, was married on the 19th ultimo, to Mr. Clark, one of the editors of The Lycoming Gazette. Mr. Clark holds the office of grain measurer at Philadelphia under the Governor.

A RUMOR circulates at Madrid, that the Pope will, in case of war, retire to the Balearic Island of Minorca, and that an application for such an emergency has been submitted to the French Government.

THE utmost consternation is said to prevail among the Rothschilds. The Vienna Rothschild lately went to Paris to consult with Baron James, the ablest man in the family.

A ZOUAVE, on stepping on board of a vessel at Marseilles bound for the seat of war, was stopped by the colonel of the regiment who recognized, in the soldier's dress a young girl, who had assumed the uniform in order not to be separated from her lover.

THE accounts from the West generally are very cheering as to the prospect of a good crop.

NEW JERSEY ranks as the fifth State of the Union in point of manufacturing industry.

REV. W. H. GOENNEIDER, of this city, has been elected Bishop of New Jersey, to fill the late Bishop Doane's place. He is a moderate high churchman.

A SELF-MADE MAN.—Mr. William Henry Adams, of Boston, the new Attorney General for the colony of Hong Kong, has ascended the social scale to his present position thus: Compositor, reader, reporter, sub-editor, editor and newspaper proprietor, barrister, member of Parliament, and Colonial Attorney General. Here is an example under our own eyes of what a man, with moderate ability and a fair share of industry and energy, may accomplish in this much abused, aristocratic England of ours.—*Lincolnshire (Eng.) Times.*

THE South African Commercial Advertiser says: "The grand idea of connecting Calcutta with London by an electric wire, is about to be realized, a portion of the cable, 900 miles in length, having already reached Table Bay.—In a few months the capitals of India and England will be only a few hours apart in point of time."

SANTA ANNA INVITED TO RETURN TO MEXICO.—The Cabinet of Miramon have issued a decree, restoring Santa Anna to all the rights, titles, &c., formerly possessed by him, and inviting him to return immediately by way of Tampico, where General Woll is marching to meet him.

BOSTON, May 26.—Captain Crowell, and his mate, John Arlando, of the brig Rolason, which put into Hyannis on the 6th inst., with a fugitive slave on board, but which slave was afterwards transferred to the schooner Elizabeth and sent back to Norfolk, were this morning arrested and locked up on a charge of kidnapping.—Warrants have also been issued against Capt. Bacon, of the schooner Elizabeth, to answer the same charge.

THE steamship Moses Taylor, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on the 26th, with California dates to the 5th inst., and $2,000,000 in gold.

THE National Committee of the Republican party recently met in Albany. The Albany Journal (Weed's paper) says: "The only business before the Committee, as we learn, relates to preliminary State organization, the diffusion of political information, &c. The time and place for the meeting of a Republican National Convention will be fixed at a later day."

RETURN OF PIKE'S PEAK EMIGRANTS—THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWN OF ST. JOSEPH'S.—*St. Louis, May 27.*—Three hundred emigrants arrived in this city to-day from Pike's Peak. They give a shocking account of the sufferings endured by themselves and others. They report that several hundred men who are returning from the mines, are pledged to each other to destroy the town of St. Joseph's, in this State.

FOUR and one-sixth inches of rain have fallen during the present month of May, in which there was to be "no rain."

☞ Creditors have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.—*Franklin.*

WHO TOOK IT?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "THE RED COURT FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Our chambers were in Essex street, Strand, near the Temple; everybody must know the street. We rented the whole of the house, a capital house, towards the bottom of the street on the left hand side. The rooms on the ground floor were the offices for the clerks; on the first floor, the front room was the private room of Mr. Brightman; and the back room was called mine; but this back room was also used by Mr. Brightman, who had a desk in it. On the floor above that, were my dwelling-rooms, for I lived at the office, a sitting-room, a bedroom, and what Leah called my dressing-room, but I never used it, and it had nothing in it except useless lumber; and the story above was given up to Leah and her husband, who also occupied the kitchens below. He, Watts, was messenger to the firm, and she kept the chambers clean, and "did" for me—as she usually expressed it. My sitting-room up-stairs was not much used, especially in winter, for my room on the first floor was warm and comfortable, with the large fire kept in it all day, so that I generally remained in the room after office hours, and took my chop there. We never had any ceremony of cloth laying; Leah used to bring it upon a tray.

I, Charles Strange, had been articled to Lawyer Brightman, then a man of fifty, and I a boy of fifteen. Before I was five-and-twenty, I had paid a certain sum down, and was his partner—Brightman and Strange. If he had had sons, one of them would probably have occupied the place I gained; but, having none, he admitted me on easy terms, for I had my brains about me, as the saying goes, and was exceedingly useful in the firm. I had been a partner but a short time (at least, I estimate it as short now,) when the incident I am about to relate occurred; an incident worth relating, and one I shall ever remember with vivid pain.

One Saturday afternoon, Mr. Brightman had been engaged with clients in his private room, and when they were gone he came back into mine, and sat down to his desk.

"What are you going to do with yourself to-morrow, Charles?" asked he.

"Nothing particular, sir." I could not help retaining sometimes my old mode of speech, as from clerk to master.

"Then you may as well come down to Clapham and dine with me. Mrs. Brightman is out."

I promised to go, and, as I was speaking, one of the clerks brought in a letter, and laid it on Mr. Brightman's desk.

"What a nuisance!" cried he, when he had read it. Which naturally caused me to look up.

"Here's Sir Edmund Clavering coming to town this evening, and wants me to be here to see him!" he explained. "I can't go home to dinner now."

"Which train is he coming by?" I asked.

"The one that is due at Euston Square at six o'clock," replied Mr. Brightman, referring to the letter. "I wanted to be home early this evening."

"You are not obliged to wait, sir." (I wish to my heart he had not!)

"Oh, I suppose I must. He is a good client, and he takes offence easily; recollect that breeze, three or four months ago."

At five o'clock the clerks left, all but one; he came up stairs, as was customary for him to do, to ask Mr. Brightman whether there was anything more.

"Not now," replied Mr. Brightman. "But I tell you what, Lennard," he added, as a thought seemed to strike him, "you may as well look in again to-night, about half-past seven or eight. Sir Edmund Clavering is coming up; I conclude it is for something particular, and I may have instructions to give for Monday morning."

"Very well," said Lennard, "then I'll come in."

He was our head clerk, and much respected. A spare man, with a fair complexion and a thin face of care. He was a gentleman by birth, and had seen better days, as the saying runs, but had lost his fortune. A man of few words, was Lennard, but attentive and always at his post; and he superintended the general clerks well.

He left, and Mr. Brightman went out after him, to get his dinner at a chop-house. I suggested that Mr. Brightman should share some of my steak, saying Leah could cook enough for two as well as for one; but he preferred to go out. I rang the bell as I heard him close the front door, and Watts answered it.

"Tell your wife to get my dinner up at once," I said to him, "or else I must have it up-stairs; Mr. Brightman is coming back. You are going out, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, about that business; Mr. Lennard said I had better go as soon as I had had my tea."

"All right; it will take you two or three hours, for it's some distance. See to the fire in the next room; it is to be kept up. And, Watts, tell Leah not to mind potatoes to-day, for I must have my dinner now."

In about twenty minutes Leah and the steak appeared; potatoes also. I could not help looking at her as she laid the tray on the square table by the fire, and settled the dishes. Leah had her cleaning days, on which she was apt to go the greatest figure conceivable; I suppose this was one, for I never saw her look worse. She had been a comely woman in her day, and could, if she chose, look comely still; but not on busy occasions. Her black gown was in jags and tatters, her arms were bare—and long, skinny arms, like hers, do not show well uncovered—her grizzly hair stood out on end, and something, black and rusty and greasy, was awry on her head, to serve for a cap. Sometimes she honored me with a bonnet, a first cousin to the cap in dirt and color, but as much too large as the cap was too small.

"I wonder you go such a figure, Leah!"

"Law, master! When one's in the thick of one's scrubbing, one don't care to titivate oneself off with fine clothes and pomatum. Sosure, too, as I count upon Watts, any odd time, to carry up your tray, so sure does he tell me he's going out."

"But you might always look decent. Your wages are good."

"Ah, sir, nobody knows where the shoe pinches but those who wear it."

With this remark, and a deep sigh, Leah went down. I ate my dinner, and the tray was taken away before Mr. Brightman returned.

"Now, I hope Sir Edmund will be punctual," he cried, as we sat together talking, and drinking a glass of sherry. "It is half-past six—time he was here."

"And there he is," I exclaimed; for a ring and a knock that shook the house, resounded in our ears. After five o'clock the front door was always closed.

Watts was out, according to orders, and we heard Leah go to the door in her charming costume. But clients do not pay attention to the attire of laundresses in chambers.

"Good heavens! can Sir Edmund be drunk?" uttered Mr. Brightman, halting as he was about to enter the other room to receive him. Loud sounds in a man's voice arose from the passage; singing, laughing, joking with Leah.

"Open the door, Charles."

I had already opened it, and saw, not Sir Edmund Clavering, but a young country client, George Coney, the son of a substantial yeoman in Gloucestershire. He appeared to be in exalted spirits, and had a little exceeded, but was very far from being drunk.

"What! is Mr. Brightman here! I only expected to see you," cried he, shaking hands with us both. "Look here!" holding out a smallish canvas bag, and rattling it. "What does that sound like?"

"It sounds like gold," said Mr. Brightman.

"Right, Master Brightman; thirty golden sovereigns; and I am as delighted with 'em as if they were thirty hundred. Last week I got swindled out of a horse. Thirty pounds I sold him for, and he and the purchaser disappeared and forgot to pay; and father went on at me, like our old mill a-clacking; not so much for the loss of the thirty pound, as at my being done; and all our farmers, round about, clacked at me, like so many more mills. So, I didn't like to stomach that; and, the day afore yesterday, up to London I came—I had got a bit of a clue—and I have met with luck. This afternoon I dropped across the very chap, where I had waited for him since the morning; he was going into a public house, and another with him, and I pinned 'em in the room, with a policeman outside, and he pretty soon shelled out the thirty pounds, rather than be taken. That's luck, I hope."

He opened the bag as he spoke, and displayed the gold.

"Remarkable luck to get the money," observed Mr. Brightman.

"I expect they had been in luck themselves," continued young Coney, "for they had more gold with them, and several notes. They were for paying me in notes, but, 'No, thank ye,' said I, 'I know good gold when I see it, and I'll take it in that.'"

"I am glad you have been so fortunate," said Mr. Brightman. "When do you go home?"

"Well, now I am here, I think I shall take a spree till Monday, and go down by the night train," replied the young man, tying the bag again, and slipping it into his coat pocket.—"I'm going to a theatre or two to-night."

"Not with that bag of gold," said Mr. Brightman.

"Why not?"

"Why not! Because you would have no trace of it left to-morrow morning."

George Coney laughed good-humoredly.

"I can take care of myself."

"Perhaps so; but you can't take care of the gold. Come, hand it over to me; your father will thank me for being peremptory, and you also, when you have cooled down from the seductions of London."

"I may want some of it to spend," returned George Coney. "Let's see how much I have got," cried he, feeling in his trowsers pocket, where his money was lying loose. "Four pound, seven shillings, and some halfpence," he concluded, counting it.

"A great deal too much to squander in one night, or to lose," remarked Mr. Brightman.—"Here," added he, unlocking a deep drawer in his desk, "put your bag in here, and come for it on Monday."

George Coney drew the bag from his pocket, but not without a few deprecatory shakes of the head, and put it in the drawer. Mr. Brightman locked it, and restored the bunch of keys to his pocket.

"You are worse than father," cried George Coney, in a tone between jest and vexation.—"I wouldn't be as stingy for anything."

"In telling this story twenty years hence, Mr. George, you will say, What a simpleton I should have made of myself, if that cautious old Lawyer Brightman had not been stingy."

George Coney winked at me and laughed.

"Perhaps he's right, after all."

"I know I am," said Mr. Brightman. "Will you take a glass of sherry?"

"Well, no, I think I had better not. I've had a'most enough of brandy-and-water, and it's not good to mix liquors. Besides, I want to carry clear eyes to the play. What time do they begin?"

"About seven, I think, but I'm not a theatre goer myself. Strange can tell you."

"Then I shall be off," said he, shaking hands with us both, as only a hearty country yeoman knows how to shake hands.

He had scarcely gone, when the knock of Sir Edmund Clavering was heard. Mr. Brightman went with him into the front room, and I sat smoking a cigar and reading the *Times*.

Sir Edmund did not stay long; he left about seven. I heard Mr. Brightman go back and rake the fire out of the grate—he was an uncommonly cautious man about fire, timidly so—and then he returned to my room.

"No wonder Sir Edmund wanted to see me," cried he; "there's the deuce and all of work down at his place; his cousin wants to dispute the will and to turn him out. They have been serving notices on the tenants not to pay the rent."

"He did not stay long."

"No, he is going out to dinner."

As Mr. Brightman spoke, he turned the gas on stronger, and sat down to his desk.

"I must look over these letters and copies of notices which Sir Edmund brought with him, I don't care to go home directly."

"You do not want me, I suppose, Mr. Brightman," I said; "because I promised Lake to go to his chambers for an hour."

"I don't want you."

So I wished him good night, and departed. Lake, a chum of mine, was a Temple student, and he rented a couple of rooms in one of the courts. His papers were in one room, his bed in the other. He was a steady fellow, working hard; and instead of rollicking out at night, preferred a quiet chat with a friend, and a cigar at home.

"And I have forgotten my case," I exclaimed. "Plague take it! I filled it ready and left it on the table."

"Never mind," said Lake, "I laid in a parcel to-day."

But I did mind, for Lake's "parcels" were never good. He would buy his cigars so dreadfully strong. Nothing pleased him but those full flavored Lopez; I liked the mild Cabanas. However, I took one, and we sat, talking and smoking, not drinking, for neither of us cared for drink. I smoked it out, though it was abominable, and took another; and then I declare I began to feel ill.

"Lake, I cannot smoke your cigars," I said, flinging it into the fire; "I must run and fetch my own. There goes eight o'clock."

"What's the matter with them?" asked Lake.

"Everything; they are bad all over. I shall be back in a trice."

I went the quickest way, through the passages, which brought me into Essex-street. I ran fast, taking my latch-key from my pocket as I went. There were three latch-keys to the door: I kept one; Lennard another, for it sometimes happened that he had to come in before or after business hours, and it was found convenient to give him a key; and Leah had possession of the third. I had no use for mine then, however, for the door was open. A policeman, standing by the area railings, wished me good evening; he knew me.

Whose carelessness is this? thought I, advancing to the top of the kitchen stairs. "Leah."

It appeared useless to call: no Leah was there; at least no Leah answered. I shut the front door and went up-stairs, wondering whether Mr. Brightman was gone.

Gone! I started back as I entered: for there lay Mr. Brightman on the floor by his desk; as if he had pushed back his chair and slipped off it.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed, throwing off my hat, and hastening to raise him.

But his head and shoulders were a perfectly dead weight in my arms, and there was an awful look upon his face: a look, in short, of death, and not of easy death.

My pulse beat quicker, man though I was; my face flushed all over with a hot heat, and my heart beat. Was I alone in that large house with the dead? I let him fall again and rang the bell violently—I rushed to the door and shouted over the banisters for Leah; and just as I was leaping down, pell-mell, for the policeman I had seen outside, or any other help at hand, I heard a latch-key put into the front door lock, and Lennard came in with a surgeon.

The latter's name was Dickenson; I knew him to say How d'ye do? He went to Mr. Brightman, and Lennard whispered me:

"Mr. Strange, how did it happen? Was he ill?"

"I know nothing about it. I came in a minute since, and found him lying here. What do you know? Had you been here before?"

"I came, as Mr. Brightman had directed me," he replied, "and when I got up stairs he was lying there, as you see. I tried to rouse him, but could not—and I ran out for a surgeon."

"Did you leave the front door open?"

"I believe I did, in my flurry and haste. I thought of it as I ran up the street, but would not lose time to go back to shut it."

"He is gone, Mr. Strange," said the surgeon, advancing towards me, for I and Lennard had stood near the door. "It is a case of sudden death."

I sat down, bewildered. I could not believe it. How awfully sudden!

"Is it apoplexy?" I asked, lifting my head.

"No, I should say not."

"Then what is it?"

"I cannot tell. It may be the heart."

"Are you sure he is dead? dead beyond hope?"

"He is indeed."

A disagreeable doubt rushed over my mind, and I spoke it on the impulse of the moment:

"Has he come by his death fairly?"

The surgeon paused before he answered.

"I see no reason, as yet, to infer otherwise. There are no signs of violence."

Just then a cab dashed up to the door, and somebody knocked and rang. Lennard went to open it, and I told him to send in a policeman and another doctor. I leaned over the banisters to see who came in. It was George Coney.

"Such a clash to my plans, Mr. Strange," he began, looking up and seeing me. "I went round to my inn to have a wash, before going to the play, and there I found a letter from father, which they had forgotten to give me this morning. Our bailiff's been and took ill, can't leave his bed, and father writes that I'd better let the horse and the thirty pound go for a bad job, and come home, for he can't have me away longer. So my spree's done for, this time, and I am on my way to the station, to catch the nine o'clock train."

"Don't go in till I inform you what is there," I whispered, as he was entering the room. "Mr. Brightman, whom you left well, is lying on the floor, and—"

"And what?" asked young Coney, looking at me.

"I fear he is dead."

After a pause of dismay he went gently into the room, taking off his hat, and treading on tiptoe.

"Poor fellow! poor gentleman!" he uttered, after looking at him. "What an awful thing! How was he taken?"

"We do not know how. He was alone."

"What, all alone when he was taken! nobody to help him!" returned the young man, "That was hard! What has he died of?"

"Probably the heart," interposed Mr. Dickenson.

"A carter of ours, last summer, fell down as he was standing by us; father was giving him directions about a load of hay, and when he picked him up, he was dead. That was the heart, they said. But he looked calm, not as Mr. Brightman does. He left seven children, poor chap."

At that juncture Mr. Lennard returned with the policeman. After some general conversation George Coney looked at his watch.

"Mr. Strange, my time's up. Would it be convenient to give me that bag of gold again? I should like to take it down with me, you see, just to have the laugh against the folks at home."

"I will give it you," I said.

But for the very life of me, I could not put my hand into the dead man's pocket. I beckoned Lennard.

"Can you take out his keys?"

"Let me do it," said Mr. Dickenson, for Lennard did not seem to relish the task more than I did. "I am more accustomed to death than you are. Which pocket are they in?"

"In the right-hand pocket of his pantaloons; he always keeps them there."

Mr. Dickenson had to move him before he could get to it, and he did so, and gave me the bunch of keys. I unlocked the drawer, being obliged to bend over the dead body to do so, and young Coney took a step forward to receive the bag. But the bag was not there.

If the desk itself had disappeared, I could not have been more surprised. Lying close to where the bag had been put, was a gold watch and chain, belonging to Mrs. Brightman, which had had been brought up to town to be cleaned. That was undisturbed.

"Mr. Coney," I exclaimed, "the bag is not here."

"It was put there," he replied, "next to that watch."

"I know it was," I answered.

I opened the drawer on the other side, but that was full of papers; I looked about on the desk, then on my desk, even unlocking the drawers, though I had had the key of them in my own pocket, then on the tables and mantel-shelf; but not a trace could I see of the canvas bag."

"I fear you must be obliged to go without it, after all, Mr. George," I said, "for it is not to be found. I will remit you £30 on Monday. We send our spare cash to the bank on Saturday afternoons, so that I have not so much in the house. It is strange that Mr. Brightman should have taken it from the drawer again."

"Perhaps it may be in one of his pockets," suggested Mr. Dickenson. "Shall I look?"

"No, no," interposed George Coney; "I wouldn't have the poor gentleman pulled about just for that. You'll remit it to me, Mr. Strange—not to father," he added, with a smile; "to me."

I went down with him, and there sat Leah on the bottom stair, leaning her head against the banisters, nearly underneath the hall lamp.

"When did you come in, Leah?"

She got up hastily to let us pass, and faced me.

"I thought you were out, sir. I'm come in but this instant."

"What is the matter?" I continued, looking at her unusually pale face. "Are you ill?"

"No, sir, not ill. Troubles is the lot of us all?"

I shook hands with George Coney, and he departed. Leah was then hastening along the passage to the kitchen stairs.

"Here, Leah, do you know what has happened to Mr. Brightman?"

"No, sir," answered she, stopping, and turning round. "What has happened to him?"

"He is dead."

She had a cloth in her hand and a plate, and she laid them down and stood back against the wall, staring at me in horror, but soon her features relaxed into a smile.

"Ah, Master Charles, you are thinking you are a boy again to-night, and are playing off a trick upon me, like you used to do then."

"I wish to my heart it was so, Leah. Mr. Brightman is lying upon the floor, up there, dead."

"Oh, my poor old master!" she slowly ejaculated; "Heaven have mercy upon him!—and upon us! Why, it's not more than half-an-hour—time flies though—it's not more than three-quarters, for certain, since I took up some water to him."

"Did he ask for it?"

"He rang the bell, sir, and I went up, and he told me to bring up a decanter of water and a tumbler."

I had noticed the decanter on his desk, as not having been there when I went out.

"How did he look then, Leah? Where was he sitting?"

"He looked as usual, sir, for all I saw, but he was bending over his desk reading something. Who is up there?"

"A doctor and policeman. You—"

A knock sounded in our ears, at the street door. It was the physician whom I had sent for. And the house was soon full. Doctors, policemen, and people known and unknown; the beadle of the street, the porter from over the way. I sent for Lake, but the others took French leave to come in.

"Is this mob to be allowed here, Mr. Strange?" cried Lennard, crustily.

"Who is to keep them out? The house is a thoroughfare just now. They'll soon be gone. But you may as well turn the key of the office down stairs."

"I have taken care of that," answered Lennard.

The medical men proceeded to examine Mr. Brightman more closely, and for this purpose his outer clothes were removed. I then searched his pockets, a policeman aiding me, and we put their contents carefully up. But there was no bag of gold. The worst was, I did not know where to send for Mrs. Brightman; Mr. Brightman having said she was out. When Watts came home, I despatched him to the house at Clapham, allowing him no time to indulge his natural shock of grief, or his curiosity. Leah had knelt down by Mr. Brightman in a storm of sobs.

I had the fire in the front room lighted; the very fire, the coals, which he, poor man, had so recently taken off; and I, Lennard and Lake went in there, to talk the matter over confidentially.

"Lennard," I said, "I am not satisfied that he has died a natural death. I hope—I trust—"

"There are no grounds for supposing otherwise, Mr. Strange," he interrupted. "None, whatever."

"I do trust so. But the loss of that bag of gold causes all sorts of unpleasant suspicions."

"Are you certain it was put there?"

"You heard me say so. Coney put it in, and Mr. Brightman immediately locked the drawer and returned the keys to his pocket, where they were found. Now, I cannot believe he would take it out, because he would have no purpose in doing so; but if he had, it would be in the room."

"Have you looked in the other drawers of the desk, Strange?" interrupted Lake.

"In all; both in his, and in mine. When you came to the house, Lennard, did you come straight up-stairs?"

"No, I went into the office. I did not know whether Sir Edmund Clavering might not be here."

"Was Leah out or in?"

"Leah was standing at the front door when I reached it, leaning round the door-post, and looking—as it seemed to me—down the steps leading to the Thames. While I was lighting my desk candle by the hall-lamp, she shut the door and came to me; she was extremely agitated, and—"

"Agitated?" I interrupted.

"Yes," replied Lennard, "I could not be mistaken. I looked at her, wondering whether she had been running anywhere to lose her breath, for it seemed she had not enough left to speak, and her face was as white—as white as Mr. Brightman's is now. She asked—as earnestly as if she were pleading for her life—whether I would stop in the house for a few minutes, as Mr. Brightman was not gone, while she ran out upon an emergency. I inquired whether any stranger was up-stairs, and she said No; Mr. Strange was out, and Mr. Brightman was alone."

"Did she go out?"

"As quickly as she could," replied Lennard, "not stopping to put on either bonnet or shawl. It struck me she might have had some cooking misfortune, and was about to take a pie or pudding to the bake-house, to remedy it, for she had something in her hand, covered over with a cloth. I went up-stairs, and the first thing I saw was Mr. Brightman lying on the ground. He was dead then; I am certain of it; I raised his head, and put a little of the water, that was standing there, on his temples, but I saw that he was dead."

I thought this all over in my mind. There were two points I did not like—Leah's agitation, and Lennard's carelessness in leaving the door open. I called in one of the policemen from the other room, for they were there still, with the medical men.

"You saw me run down the street," I began, "with my latch-key?"

"Sure then I did, sir, and I gave ye the good-evening," he replied, his speech betraying his birth-place. "'Twasn't long after the other gentleman," indicating Lennard, "had run out."

"I did not see you," cried Lennard, looking at him; "I wish I had. I wanted help, and there was not a soul in the street."

"I was standing in the shadder, at the top of the steps leading to the water," said the man. "You came out, sir, all in a jiffy like, and went running up the street, leaving the door open."

"It is that door's having been left open that I don't like," I observed. "If this money does not turn up, I can only think some rogue got in then, and took it."

"Nobody got in, sir," said the policeman. "I had my eye on the door till you came. To see two folks running, like mad, out of a quiet and respectable house, woke up my notice; and first I watched the door from where I stood on the steps, and then I came close up to it, and stood there till you entered."

"How did you see two folks running out of it?" I inquired. "There was only one, Mr. Lennard."

"I had seen somebody before that; a woman," replied the officer. "She came out, and went tearing down the steps towards the river, calling out, 'I'm here! I'm here!' I think it was your servant, but I had not come down the street as far as the house then, and she was too quick for me."

"Then you are quite sure no one entered?"

"Positive and sure, sir. The door being left open made me watch against harm."

"Setting aside the policeman's testimony, there was scarcely time for any one to get in and do mischief," observed Lake.

"I am satisfied now upon that point," was my reply.

"And no one could take that gold without getting the keys from the pocket of Mr. Brightman," he rejoined. "Who would dare, for such a purpose, to rifle the pocket of a dead man?"

"And then to have to put them back," added Lennard.

When the other room was clear of all save what lay there—for that was not to be removed, the police said—I went in with Lennard, and we instituted a thorough search; but there were no signs of the bag or the gold. I then searched the front room, the one we were in, opening the places with Mr. Brightman's keys; for that front room, the reader will remember, was exclusively his. Still no trace of the bag or the gold."

"We will search down stairs now, Lennard."

Lennard looked as if he could not believe me.

"There is not the slightest chance of its being there," he remonstrated. "Mr. Brightman scarcely ever entered our rooms: the last thing he would do, would be to place a bag of gold there."

We went down stairs, and Lennard took the key from his pocket, and opened the front office door. Not a desk in his room was locked, except Mr. Lennard's own, which stood next the left-hand window, and this he threw open for my inspection. But it did not contain the gold.

The back room was only entered from this, the other door of it being kept fastened, for Lennard to have the clerks completely under his eye. The place was in disorder, just as the clerks had left it, chairs and stools standing about. Lennard began putting them straight, and the coal-scuttle, a japanned box with a lid, he put away under the large desk. But still there was not the least appearance of the gold; and I was now convinced that we had been robbed of it.

Lennard went home, but Lake stopped with me, discussing the mystery. He hinted at a suspicion that Leah was the thief. I did not think so; circumstances—her agitation in particular—might seem to tell against her, but I believed the woman to be as honest as the day.

There is not the slightest doubt that every man, born into the world with his proper faculties, is formed by nature for some peculiar calling, one especial calling over all others; and it is a lamentable fact that this peculiar tendency is very rarely discovered and acted upon. A reading man will be put to work; and a man, gifted with skill of the hand, will be put to read. One, who would have shone at the bar, shone as a Judge, shone as Lord Chancellor, will be made a merchant; and another, who would, as a merchant, have risen to the top of the tree, will struggle his life out in a profession. Look at the spectacles many of the clergy make of themselves! And why? Because they have been thrust into a calling for which nature has not gifted them. And the worst of all this is, that the erring takes place, not intentionally, but through ignorance. It is the misapplication of natural talent which causes nearly all the failures in the pursuits of life. In my own case this mistake had not occurred. I humbly believe that of all the pursuits common to man, I was by nature most fitted for that of a solicitor. At the bar, as a pleader, I should have failed; have made wandering speeches, or broken down in them, and ruined half the clients who entrusted me with briefs. But for penetration, clear-sightedness, the seizing without effort, and the analysing the different points of a case, as it was laid before me, in short, for head and brain work few surpassed me. I mention this only as a fact, and because it is a fact; not from self-praise and vanity. Vanity, forsooth! No; I am only thankful that my talents found their proper vent.

Watts brought Mr. Brightman's butler back with him: he informed me his mistress was at Hastings and gave me the address. I determined to go down on the Sunday and break it to her. Whilst I was at breakfast I called Leah into the room. She was decent this morning, in a clean cap and gown.

"Leah," said I, "there is an unpleasant mystery attending this affair."

"As to what he has died of, sir?"

"I do not allude to that. But there is some money missing."

"Money!" echoed Leah, in the most genuine surprise.

"Last night, after Mr. Brightman came in from dinner, he put a canvas bag, containing thirty pounds in gold, in the deep drawer of his desk in my room, and locked it and put the keys in his pocket. I had occasion to look for that gold, immediately after he was found dead, and it was gone."

"Bag and all?" echoed Leah, after a pause.

"Bag and all."

"Not stole, sure?"

"I don't see how else it can have disappeared. It could not go without hands; and the question is, did anybody get into the house and take it. Where did you go, when you ran out of the house and down the steps, in some terror or agitation?"

"Oh, master!" uttered Leah, clapping her hands before her face, in distress.

"What's the matter now?"

"I can't tell you anything about that, sir," she said, the tears coursing through her fingers.

"I must know it, Leah."

"You never suspect me of taking the money?" she breathlessly exclaimed, withdrawing her hands from her face.

"No, I do not," I replied, firmly. "But it is one thing to suspect honesty, and another to wish mysterious circumstances cleared up, where there is a necessity that they should be cleared. What was your mystery, Leah?"

"Must I tell it you, sir?"

Many a one would have said, I will not tell; but poor Leah was a simple, tractable woman, obedient in great things as in small.

"I must know it," I repeated; "I dare say the telling it will not hurt you, or the hearing it me."

"I would die, rather than Watts should know it," she exclaimed, in a low, impassioned tone, glancing towards the door.

"Watts is in the kitchen, Leah. Speak out."

"I never committed but one grave fault in my life," she said, "and that was telling a false, deliberate lie; the consequences have stuck to me ever since—and if things go on as they are going on now, they'll just drive me into the church-yard. When I married Watts I told him I had no children—you know I had been married before, Mr. Charles—and that was the lie. I had a child, a daughter, and Watts had said over and over again, that he would never marry a ready-made family. She had never lived with me, she had always lived in the country with her father's friends—and perhaps it was that tempted me to deceive Watts. I had not been married three months, sir, when to my great horror, I found she was up in London, and had"—Leah had dropped her voice—"gone wrong. Somebody had got hold of her, and turned her brain with his vows and his promises, and she had come up to London with him. Oh, woe's me!"

"Sit down while you talk, Leah."

Leah disregarded the words, and went on speaking.

"She stopped with him. In spite of all I could say or do, though I went down on my knees to her and sobbed and prayed my heart out, she would stop with him. And she is with him still."

"All this while!"

"All this while, sir; eleven years. He is an unsteady man, drinking half his time away. Sometimes he is in work; oftener without; and the misery and privation she goes through, no tongue can tell. He beats her, he abuses her, he—"

"Why does she not leave him?"

"Ah, sir, why don't we do many things that we ought? Partly, it's because she's afraid he would keep the children. Many a time she would have died of hunger, but for me. I help her all I can; she's my own child. Sir, you asked me, only yesterday, why I went a figure; but, instead of buying clothes, I scrape and save, to keep her poor body and soul together. I go short of food to take it to her; many a day I put my meat dinner by, and eat a piece of bread, telling Watts I don't feel inclined then, and shall eat it by-and-by. He thinks I do. She does not beg of me; she has never come into this house; she has never told that cruel tyrant, of here, that I'm her mother. 'Mother,' she has said to me, 'never fear. I'd rather die than bring you trouble.'"

"But about last night?" I interrupted.

"I was in the thick of my cleaning, a rubbing at my oven, when a little bit of gravel comes to the window. I feared who it was, and went up to the door; if Watts had been at home, I should have took no notice, but just have said, 'Drat them street boys again!' or something to that effect. There she was, leaning against the opposite rails, and she came across when she saw it was me. She was beside herself, she said, with misery and trouble, and I b'lieve she was; he had been beating her, and she had not tasted victuals since the day afore, not a crumb of bread. I tried to soothe her and reason with her; what else could I do? I said I would fetch her up some food then, and give her sevenpence to buy a loaf to take home to her children."

"Where does she live?" I interposed.

"In this parish, St. Clement Danes; and there's some parts of this parish, you know, sir, as bad as any in London. When I offered to fetch her food, she said, No, she would not take it, her life was too wretched to bear, and she should end it; she had come out to do so. I scolded her; I told her to stop then at the door, and I shut it and ran down for the food. I got that bit of steak, sir, you left at dinner, which I knew would not go up-stairs again, and a round of bread, and I ran back to the door with it. But I couldn't see her anywhere, till I heard a voice from the steps call out, Good-by, good-by! and I knew she was going to the water. At that moment Mr. Lennard came in, and I asked him to stop in the house while I went out for a minute. I was frightened nearly out of my senses for her."

"Did you find her?"

"I found her, sir, looking down at the river. I got her into a little better mood, and she eat the meat and part of the bread, and I brought her back up the steps, and gave her the sevenpence, and watched her up the street on her way home. And that's the blessed truth, Mr. Charles, of what took me out last night; and I declare I know no more of the missing money than a babe unborn. I had just come back with the empty plate and cloth when you saw me."

The blessed truth I felt sure it was; every word, every look of Leah's proclaimed it.

"And that's my sad secret," she added; "one I have had to bear about with me at all times, in my work, and out of my work. Watts is a good husband to me, but he prides himself on his respectability, and I wouldn't have him know that I had deceived him for the universe; I wouldn't have him know that she, being what she is, was my daughter. He said he'd treat me to Astley's Circus last winter, and gave me the money, two shillings, and I pretended to go. But I gave it to her, poor thing, and walked about in the cold, looking at the late shops till it was time to come home.—Watts asked me what I had seen, and I told him such marvels of the performance, that he said he'd go the next night himself, for he had never heard the like, and he supposed it must be an extra benefit night. You will not tell him my secret, sir?"

"No, Leah, I will not tell him; it is safe with me. Can you remember what time it was when you took up the water to Mr. Brightman?"

"A goodish while before the stone came to the window. About ten minutes, maybe, sir, after you went out. I heard you come down stairs whistling, and go."

"No one came to the house?"

"No one at all," she repeated. "Are the eggs not done, sir?"

"Yes, they are done. I cannot eat this morning."

I went to Hastings, and Mrs. and Miss Brightman came back with me. After they had been to Essex street, I took them home. In going, I mentioned the circumstance of the missing money.

"It is of little consequence if it is lost," was Mrs. Brightman's comment. "What is thirty pounds?"

Not much, I knew, to a firm like ours; but the uncertainty was a great deal.

Monday morning rose, and its work with it; the immediate work connected with our painful loss, and the future work to fall upon me. The chief weight and responsibility had hitherto been his share; now it must be all mine.

Mr. Brightman's death was proved, beyond doubt, to have occurred from natural causes, though not from disease of the heart. He had died "By the visitation of God." But for the disappearance of the money, my thoughts never would have dwelt on any other issue.

And so, there I was, before I had attained my thirtieth year, the sole chief of a flourishing and opulent firm. By the terms of the partnership, I was to pay Mrs. Brightman, for three years, the half of the profits; and for three years more, one quarter of them; after that, it would be all mine. Before Mr. Brightman's death, my share had been one-fourth.

But the disappearance of that money lay on my mind like a log. It was a thing I could not fathom, turn it about which way I would. Lennard was above suspicion, and he was the only one, so far as he and I knew, who had been in the room. He said to me how heartily he wished he had not been told to come back that night; but I requested him to hold his tongue and be at ease, for he had quite as much reason to suspect me as I him.

"Not quite," answered he, smiling, "considering you had to make it good."

"Well, Lennard, I dare say the mystery will be solved some time or other. Robberies, like murders, generally come out."

"I'm sure I hope this will," concluded he.

In one sense of the word my prophecy proved correct, and sooner, perhaps, than I looked for. In the following September, some six or seven months after the occurrence, I was——

But I cannot go on without a word of preparation to the reader. What I am about to relate will appear a sadly common-place ending to a tale of mystery; I can only state that it *was* the ending: at least as much of an ending as it appeared probable I should ever have. In my capacity of story-teller, I could have invented a thousand romantic turnings; and worked them, and the reader, up to a high pitch of interest; that a robber had come down the chimney, and clutched it—that Leah, or Lennard, had, after all, been the aggressor—or that Mr. Brightman had swallowed the lot; the termination was far more matter-of-fact; but, as it was the termination, I can only do my best, and give it.

I had somewhat changed the appropriation of the first-floor rooms. The back room I made into my private office for seeing clients, and the front room I converted into a sitting-room. On this afternoon in September, I was sitting in my accustomed place of ease at the open window, smoking my after-dinner cigar and reading the *Times* by the light of the setting sun. But for habits, steady and persistent, of order and punctuality, and for rules of self-denial, I should never have attained to the desirable position I enjoy; one of those rules was, never to read the *Times* (or any other newspaper, or work of relaxation) until my business was over for the day. The law notices, of course, were an exception; they related to business; but I looked at no other else till dinner was over, and then I could enjoy my *Times* and my cigar, and feel I had earned both. I was deep in a police case, which had convulsed Marlborough street with laughter, and was convulsing me, when some vehicle clashed down Essex street, the horse nearly dashing into the bottom house. By dint of pulling and backing and hissing, the driver brought it back to our door. It was the van of the Parcels Delivery Company.

"Mr. Strange live here?" was the question I heard, when Watts went to the door.

"All right."

"Here's a parcel for him. Nothing to pay."

The man coquetted with his horse, then turned him sharp round, and—overturned the van. It was not the first accident of a similar nature, or the last, by many, that I have seen in that particular spot. How it is I don't know, but drivers, cabmen especially, have an unconquerable propensity for pulling their horses round too shortly at the bottom of Essex street, and the result is grief. I threw down my newspaper and leaned out at the window, watching the fun. The street was covered with parcels, and the men—another was with the driver—were throwing off their consternation in choice language. One hamper could not be picked up: it had contained wine, loosely packed, and the broken bottles were swimming in a red sea. Where the mob collected from, that speedily arrived to assist at, or impede the rescue, was a matter of marvel. The van at length took its departure up the street, though considerably shorn of the triumph with which it had clashed down.

It was getting too dusk to resume my newspaper when I turned from the window, so I proceeded to examine the parcel, which Watts had brought straight up on its arrival, and placed on the table. It was nearly a foot square, wrapped in brown paper, sealed and tied with string; and in what Tony Lumpkin would have called a confounded cramped, up-and-down hand, where you could not tell an izzard from an R, was directed C. Strange, Esquire.

I took out my penknife, cut the string, and removed the paper; and there was disclosed a pasteboard box with green edges, which was likewise sealed. I opened it, and from amidst a mass of soft paper, put to keep it steady, took a canvas bag, tied round with tape, and containing thirty golden sovereigns!

From the very depth of my conviction I believed it to be the bag we had lost. It was the bag; for, on turning it round, there were Mr. Coney's initials, S. C., neatly marked with blue cotton, as had been on the one left by George. It was one of their sample barley bags. I wondered if they were the same sovereigns. Where had it been? Who had taken it? And who had sent it back?

I rang the bell, and then called out to Watts, who was ascending to answer it, to bring Leah up also. It was my duty to tell them, especially Leah, of the money's restoration, as they had been inmates of the house when it was lost.

Watts only stared and ejaculated and wondered; but Leah, with some color, for once, in her pale cheeks, clasped her hands.

"Oh, master, I'm thankful you have found it again! I'm thankful to my heart!"

"So am I, Leah. Though the mystery attending the transaction is as great as ever; indeed, more so."

And so it was. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A JUSTMAN judge the scales must hold,
Than here on earth weighs cause and deed;
Ourselves and God alone behold
The motives which to actions lead.

And thus we gather fame and shame,
Alike unearned—alike untrue;
Receiving praise where men should blame,
And blame where praise is rightly due.

☞ Lord Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to a rumored appointment to a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked: "Maybe so, my Lord Harry; but I have a strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the *first quarter of it*."

A SPIRITUAL SUBPŒNA.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Some dozen years ago, I passed a couple of early summer months in Devonshire, fishing: changing one picturesque scene of sport for another, always disbelieving that I should find so fair a place as that last quitted, and always having pleasantly to acknowledge myself wrong. There is, indeed, an almost inexhaustible treasure of delicious nooks in that fertile county, which comprehends every element of landscape beauty—coast and inland, hill and valley, moor and woodland—and excels in nothing more than in its curved rivers. What cliff-like and foil-foliaged banks about their sources, and what rich meadows sprinkled with unrivalled kine, as they broaden towards the sea! At the close of my tour, I was lodging in a farmhouse, near a branch of the Exe, rather regretful at the thought of so soon having to shoulder my knapsack and return to native Dorset, near a certain provincial town of which county, and in a neighborhood without a tree within sight, or a stream within sound, it was my lot to dwell. We had lately thrown out a bow-window to the drawing-room there, but why, I cannot tell, for there was certainly nothing to see from it. What a difference between such a spot and my then abode, from the windows of which a score of miles of undulating and varied landscape could be discerned, with the old cathedral towers of the capital city standing grandly up against the southern sky!

It is not true that people who live in picturesque places do not appreciate them, but only that they require to be made to understand their good fortune.

Michael Courtenay, the goodman of the farm, and like all his class, a thorough stay-at-home, could not discover what I found in that look out from his house to make such a fuss about; but his wife, who had once paid a visit to her son when in business at Birmingham, knew perfectly well. Concerning which son, Robert, by-the-by, there was a sad tale. He was the only child of the good pair, and one who should have been there at Cowlees, the right hand of his father, and the comfort of his loving mother; but the young man had decided otherwise. He had never taken to farming, but had grieved his father hugely by a hankering after mechanical studies, which the old agriculturist associated almost with the black art itself. Thinking himself to have a gift for the practical sciences, Robert had got apprenticed in Birmingham, and for some time bade fair to acquit himself well. But it had not been farming to which he was in reality averse, so much as to restraint of any kind; and finding, after a little, that he could not be his own master at the lathe, any more than at the plough, he forsook his second calling likewise. This had justly angered Michael, and drawn from him, on the return of the lad, certain expressions which his young spirit undutifully resented. There was a violent scene in that peaceful homestead of Cowlees one day; and the next morning, when the house was astir, it was found that Robert had gone away in the night-time, nor had he since either returned home or written of his whereabouts.

It was a year ago or more by this time, during which time Mrs. Courtenay had grown older than in the half dozen years before, while the old man himself, said the farm-people, had altered to the full as much as she, although, for his part, he never owned to it. It was not he who told me of the matter, but the gude-wife, who was fond of me—as my vanity was obliged to confess—mainly because I was of the age of her lost lad, and so reminded her of him. I slept in the very room which had formerly been her Robert's, and a very comfortable little room it was.

Here it was, very early one May morning, before even the earliest risers of the farm were up, that I was awakened by these three words, pronounced close to me in the distinctest tones:

"The ferryman waits."

So perfectly conscious was I of having been really addressed, that I sat up in my bed at once, and replied: "Well, and what is that to me?" before the absurdity of the intimation had time to strike me. The snow-white curtains of the little bed were completely undrawn, so that no person could have been hidden behind them. Although it was not broad daylight, every object was clearly discernible, and through the half-opened window came the cool, delicious summer air with quickening fragrance. I heard the dog rattle his chain in the yard as he came out of his kennel and shook himself, and then returned to it lazily, as though it was not time to be up yet. A cock crew, but very unsatisfactorily, leaving off in the middle of his performance, as though he had been mistaken in the hour. My watch, a more reliable chronicler, informed me that it wanted a quarter of four o'clock. I was not accustomed to be awakened at such a time as that, and turned myself somewhat indignantly on the pillow, regretful that I had eaten clotted cream for supper the preceding evening. I lay perfectly still, with my eyes shut, endeavoring, since I could not get to sleep again, to account for the peculiar nature of my late nightmare, as I had made up my mind to consider it, until the cuckoo clock on the oaken stair outside struck four. The last note of the mechanical bird had scarcely died away, when again, close to my pillow I heard uttered, not only with distinctness, but with a most unmistakable earnestness, the same piece of information which had once so startled me already:

"The ferryman waits."

Then I got up, and looked under the little bed, and behind it; into the small cupboard where my one change of boots was kept, and where there was scarcely room for anything else. I sounded the wall nearest my bed's head, and found it solid enough; it was also an outside wall; nor from any of the more remote ones could so distinct a summons have come. Then I pushed the window casement fully back, and thrust my head and bare neck into the morning air. If I was still asleep, I was determined to wake myself, and then, if I should hear the mysterious voice again, I was determined to obey it. I was not alarmed, nor even disturbed in my mind, although greatly interested. The circumstances of my position precluded any supernatural terror. The animals in the farm-yard were lying in the tumbled straw close by, and near enough to be startled by a shout of mine; some pigeons were already circling round the dovecote, or pacing, sentinel-like, the little platforms before their domiciles; and the sound of the lasher, by whose circling eddies I had so often watched for trout, came cheerily and with inviting tone across the dewy meadows. The whole landscape seemed instinct with new-born life, and to have thoroughly shaken off the solemnity of dreary night. Its surpassing beauty and freshness so entirely took possession of me indeed, that in its contemplation I absolutely forgot the inexplicable occurrence which had brought me to the window. I was wrapped in the endeavor to make out whether those tapering lines, supporting, as it appeared, a mass of southern cloud, were indeed the pinnacles of the cathedral, when close by my ear, close by, as though the speaker had his face at the casement likewise, the words were a third time uttered:

"The ferryman waits."

There was a deeper seriousness in its tone on this occasion, an appeal which seemed to have a touch of pathos as well as gloom; but it was the same voice, and one which I shall never forget. I did not hesitate another moment, but dressed myself as quickly as I could, and descending the stairs, took down the vast oaken door-bar, and let myself out, as I had been wont to do when I went betimes a-fishing. Then I strode southward along the footpath leading through the fields to where the river-ferry was, some three miles off, now doubting, now believing, that the ferryman *did* wait there at such an unusually early hour, and for me. I made such good use of my legs, that it was not five o'clock when I reached the last meadow that lay between me and the stream; it was higher ground than its neighbor land, and every step I took I was looking eagerly to come in sight of the ferry-house, which was on the opposite bank, and by no means within easy hailing distance. At last, I did so, and observed, to my astonishment, that the boat was not at its usual moorings. It must needs, therefore, have been already brought over upon my own side. A few steps further brought me into view of it, with the ferryman standing up in the stern leaning on his punt-pole, and looking intently in my direction. He gave a great "hollo" when he recognized me, and I returned it, for we were old acquaintances.

"Well, Master Philip," cried he, as I drew nearer, "you are not here so very much betimes, after all; I have been waiting for you nigh upon half-an-hour."

"Waiting *for me*?" echoed I. "I don't know how that can be, since nobody knew that I was coming; and indeed I didn't know it myself, till—" And there I stopped myself upon the very verge of confessing myself to have been fooled by a voice. Perhaps the ferryman himself may be concerned in the trick, thought I, and is now about to charge me roundly for being taken across out of hours.

"Well, sir," returned the Genius of the River, turning his peakless cap hind before, which was his fashion when puzzled, and certainly a much more polite one than that common to his brethren of the land, of scratching their heads—"all I can say is, as I was roused at half-past three or so by a friend of yours, saying as though you would be wanting me in a little on the north bank."

"What friend was that?" inquired I.

"Nay, sir, for that matter, I can't say, since I didn't see him, but I *heard* him well enough at all events, and as plain as I now hear you. I was asleep when he first called me from outside yonder, and could scarcely make any sense of it; but the second time I was wide awake; and the third time, as I was undoing the window, there could be no mistake about—"Be ready for Philip Reaton on the nor' bank," he said.

"And how was it you missed seeing my friend?" inquired I, as carelessly as I could.

"He was in such a hurry to be gone, I reckon, that as soon as he heard my window open, and knew he had roused me, he set off. His voice came round the east corner of the cottage, as though he went Exeter way. I wouldn't have got up at such a time, and at such a summons, for many other folks but you, I do assure you, Master Philip."

"Thank you," said I, though by no means quite convinced; "you're a good fellow, and here's five shillings for you. And now, put me across, and show me the nearest way by which I can get to the city."

Now if, by some inscrutable means, the ferryman—who had become the leading figure in my mind because of the mysterious warning—or any accomplice of his had played me a trick, and trumped up a story for my further bewilderment, they had not, I flattered myself, very much cause for boasting. I had evinced but slight curiosity about the unknown gentleman who had heralded my approach at daylight, and I had given them to understand that I had a real object in my early rising—that of reaching the capital city at least ten miles away. But my own brain was, for all that, a prey to the most conflicting suggestions, not one of which was of final service towards an explanation of the events of the morning.

There was I, at a little after 5, P. M., with a walk before me of ten, and a walk behind me of three good Devon miles, breakfastless, without the least desire to reach the place I was bound for—and all because of a couple of *voces præterea nihil* s, voices without a body between them. I consumed the way in mentally reviewing all the circumstances of the case again and again, and by no means in a credulous spirit; but when I at length arrived at the city upon the hill, I was as far from the solution of the matter as when I started. That the ferryman himself, a simple countryman, should be concerned in any practical joke upon me, a mere fly fishing acquaintance of a couple of weeks' standing; or that such persons as the Courtenays should have permitted the playing of it upon a guest at Cowlees, was only less astounding than the perfection of the trick itself—if trick it really was. But neither my feelings of anger, when I looked on the matter in that light, nor those of mystery, when I took the more supernatural view of it, in anywise interfered with the gradual growth of appetite; and when I turned into a private room of the *Bishop's Head* in the High Street, the leading idea in my mind, after all my cogitations, was breakfast. If seven-and-forty mysterious voices had informed me that the ferryman was waiting *then*, I should have responded: "Then let him wait—at all events, while I eat a beefsteak and sundries."

Although Exeter is as picturesque and venerable a city as any raven could desire to dwell in, it is not a lively town by any means, in a general way. A quiet, saintly, solemn spot, indeed, it is; excellently adapted for a sinner to pass his last days in—although he would probably find them among the longest in his life—and peculiarly adapted to that end in its very great benefit of (episcopal) clergy; but for a hale young gentleman of nineteen to find himself therein at nine o'clock on a fine summer morning, with nothing to do, and all the day to do it in, was an embarrassing circumstance.

"Nothing going on, as usual, I suppose?" inquired I, with a yawn at the waiter, when I had finished a vast refection.

"Going on, sir? Yessir. City very gay, indeed, sir, just now. Assizes, sir, now sitting. Murder case—very interesting for a young gentleman like yourself, indeed, sir."

"How do you know what is interesting?" retorted I, with the indignation of hobbledehoyhood at having its manhood called in question. "Young gentleman, indeed! I am a man, sir. But what about this murder? Is the prisoner convicted?"

"Convicted, sir? Nossir; not yet, sir. We hope he will be convicted this morning, sir. It's a very bad case, indeed, sir. A journeyman carpenter, one Robert Moles, have been and murdered a toll-keeper—killed him in the dead of night, sir, with a 'atchet; and his wife's the witness against him."

"That's very horrible," remarked I. "I didn't know a wife could give evidence."

"Nossir, not *his* wife, sir; it's the toll-keeper's wife, sir. She swears to this Moles, although it happened two months ago, or more, sir. Murder will out, they say; and how true it is! He'll be hung in front of the jail, sir, in a hopen place upon an 'ill, so as almost everybody will be able to see it, bless ye!"

"I should like to hear the end of this trial—very much, indeed, waiter."

"Should you, sir?" fondling his chin. "It couldn't be done, sir—it could *not* be done; the court is crowded into a mash already. To be sure, I've got a— But no, sir, it could *not* be done."

"I suppose it's merely a question of How much?" said I, taking out my purse. "Didn't you say you had a—"

"A cousin as is a javelin-man, yessir. Well, I don't know but what it *might* be done, sir, if you'll just wait till I've cleared away. There, they're at it already!"

While he spoke, a fanfaronade of trumpets without, proclaimed that the judges were about to take their seats, and in a few minutes the waiter and I were among the crowd. The javelin-man, turning out to be amenable to reason and the ties of relationship, as well as not averse to a small pecuniary recompense, I soon found standing room for myself in the court-house, where every seat had been engaged for hours before. As I had been informed, the proceedings were all but concluded, save some unimportant indirect evidence, and the speech of the prisoner's counsel. This gentleman had been assigned to the accused by the court, since he had not provided himself with any advocate, nor attempted to meet the tremendous charge laid against him, except by a simple denial. All that had been elicited from him since his apprehension, it seemed, was this: that the toll-keeper's wife was mistaken in his identity, but that he had led a wandering life of late, and could not produce any person to prove an *alibi*; that he was in Dorsetshire when the murder was done, miles away from the scene of its commission; but at what place on the particular day in question—the 5th of March—he could not recall to mind. This, taken in connection with strong condemnatory evidence, it was clear, would go sadly against him with the jury, as a lame defence indeed; although, as it struck *me* who had only gleaned this much from a bystander, nothing was more natural than that a journeyman carpenter, who was not likely to have kept a diary, should not recollect what place he had tramped through upon any particular date. Why, where had I myself been on the 5th of March? thought I. It took me several minutes to remember, and I only did so by recollecting that I had left Dorsetshire on the day following, partly in consequence of some alterations going on at home. Dorsetshire, by the by, did the prisoner say? Why, surely I had seen that face somewhere before, which was now turned anxiously and hurriedly around the court, and now, as if ashamed of meeting so many eyes, was concealed in his tremulous hands? Robert Moles? No, I had certainly never heard that name; and yet I began to watch the poor fellow with a singular interest, begotten of the increasing conviction that he was not altogether a stranger to me.

The evidence went on and concluded; the counsel for the prisoner did his best, but his speech was, of necessity, an appeal to mercy rather than to justice. All that had been confided to him by his client was this: that the young man was a vagabond, who had deserted his parents, and run away from his indentures, and was so far deserving of little pity; that he had, however, only been vicious, and not criminal: as for the murder with which he was now charged, the commission of such a hideous outrage had never entered his brain.

"Did the lad look like a murderer? Or did he not rather resemble the Prodigal Son, penitent for his misdeeds indeed, but not weighed down by the blood of a fellow creature?"

All this was powerfully enough expressed, but it was not evidence; and the jury, without retiring from their box, pronounced the young man "Guilty," amid a silence which seemed to corroborate the verdict. Then the judge put on the terrible black cap, and solemnly inquired for the last time whether Robert Moles had any reason to urge why sentence should not be passed upon him.

"My lord," replied the lad in a singularly low, soft voice, which recalled the utterer to my recollection on the instant, "I am wholly innocent of the dreadful crime of which I am accused, although I confess I see in the doom that is about to be passed upon me a fit recompense for my wickedness and disobedience. I was, however, until informed of it by the officer who took me into custody, as ignorant of this poor man's existence as of his death."

"My lord," cried I, speaking with an energy and distinctness that astonished myself, "this young man has spoken the truth, as I can testify."

There was a tremendous sensation in the court at this announcement, and it was some minutes before I was allowed to take my place in the witness-box. The council for the crown objected to my becoming evidence at that period of the proceedings at all, and threw himself into the legal question with all the indignation which he had previously exhibited against the practice of midnight murder; but eventually the court overruled him, and I was sworn.

I stated that I did not know the prisoner by name, but that I could swear to his identity. I described how, upon the 5th of March last, the local builder being in want of hands, had hired the accused to assist in the construction of a bow-window in the drawing-room of our house in Dorsetshire.

The counsel for the prosecution, affecting to disbelieve my sudden recognition of the prisoner, here requested to know whether any particular circumstance had recalled him to my mind, or whether I had only a vague and general recollection of him.

"I had only that," I confessed, "until the prisoner spoke: his voice is peculiar, and I remember very distinctly to have heard it upon the occasion I speak of; he had the misfortune to tread upon his foot-rule and break it, while at work upon the window, and I overheard him lamenting that occurrence."

Here the counsel for the accused reminded the court that a broken foot-rule had been found upon the prisoner's person, at the time of his apprehension.

Within some five minutes, in short, the feelings of judge, jury, and spectators entirely changed; and the poor young fellow at the bar, instead of having sentence of death passed upon him, found himself, through my means, set very soon at liberty. He came over to me at the inn to express his sense of my prompt interference, and to beg to know how he might show his gratitude.

"I am not so mean a fellow as I seem," said he; "and I hope, by God's blessing, to be yet a credit to the parents to whom I have behaved so ill."

"What is your real name?" inquired I, struck by a sudden impulse.

"My real name," replied the young man, blushing deeply, "is Courtenay, and my home, where I hope to be to-night, is at Cowlees Farm, across the Exe."

And so I had not been called so mysteriously at four o'clock in the morning, without a good and sufficient reason, after all.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHOEMAKER.

"Good-day!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance:

"Good-day!"

"You are still hard at work, I see?"

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, "Yes—I am working." This time a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful color faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveller, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die.

Some minutes of silent work had passed, and the haggard eyes had looked up again: not with any interest or curiosity, but with a dull mechanical perception, beforehand, that the spot where the only visitor they were aware of had stood was not yet empty.

"I want," said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, "to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more?"

The shoemaker stopped his work; looked, with a vacant air of listening, at the floor on one side of him; then, similarly, at the floor on the other side of him; then, upward at the speaker.

"What did you say?"

"You can bear a little more light?"

"I must bear it, if you let it in." (Laying the palest shadow of a stress upon the second word.)

The opened half-door was opened a little further, and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman, with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labor. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face

would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise; but they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment-yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him, without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke, without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?" asked Defarge, motioning to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

"What did you say?"

"Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day?"

"I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know."

But the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it (his lips and his nails were of the same pale lead-color), and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.

"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.

"What did you say?"

"Here is a visitor."

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur, who knows a well made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied:

"I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?"

"I said, couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information?"

"It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand." He glanced at the shoe, with some little passing touch of pride.

"And the maker's name?" said Defarge.

Now that he had no work to hold, he laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and then passed a hand across his bearded chin, and so on in regular changes, without a moment's intermission. The task of recalling him from the vacancy into which he always sank when he had spoken, was like recalling some very weak person from a swoon, or endeavoring, in the hope of some disclosure, to stay the spirit of a fast-dying man.

"Did you ask me for my name?"

"Assuredly I did."

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

"Is that all?"

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

"You are not a shoemaker by trade?" said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him; but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner when they had sought the ground.

"I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learnt it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to—"

He lapsed away, even for minutes, ringing those measured changes on his hands the whole time. His eyes came slowly back, at last, to the face from which they had wandered; when they rested on it, he started, and resumed, in the manner of a sleeper that moment awake, reverting to a subject of last night.

"I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since."

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face:

"Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me?"

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

"Monsieur Manette;" Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge's arm; "do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?"

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long-obliterated marks of an actively intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead, gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but, they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands which at first had been only raised in frightened compassion, if not even to keep him off and shut out the sight of him, but which were now extending towards him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope—so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked as though it had passed, like a moving light, from him to her.

Darkness had fallen on him in its place. He looked at the two, less and less attentively, and his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought the ground and looked about him in the old way. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

"Have you recognised him, monsieur?" asked Defarge, in a whisper.

"Yes; for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen, for a single moment, the face that I once knew well. Hush! Let us draw further back.—Hush!"

She had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labor.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand, for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and labored breathing, he was heard to say:

"What is this!"

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

"You are not the gaoler's daughter?"

She signed "No."

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; he laid the knife down softly, as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up, and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.

But, not for long; releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair: not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again and looked closely at it.

"It is the same. How can it be! When was it! How was it!"

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full to the light and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going, though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.' Those were the words I said. I remember them very well."

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly.

"How was this?—*Was it you?*"

Once more, the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But, she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low voice,

"I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!"

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that?"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as everything but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet and tried to secure it in his breast; but, he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. See what the prisoner is.—These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not a voice she ever heard. No, no. She was—and He was—before the slow years of the North Tower—ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?"

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

"Oh, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is, that I pray you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

His cold white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of freedom shining on him.

"If you hear in my voice—I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is—if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recalls a beloved head that lay in your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a Home there is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away, weep for it, weep for it!"

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

"If, when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honored father, and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. Oh, see! Thank God for us, thank God!"

He had sunk in her arms, with his face dropped on her breast: a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the tremendous wrong and suffering which had gone before it, that the two beholders covered their faces.

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed, and his heaving breast and shaken form had long yielded to the calm that must follow all storms—emblem to humanity, of the rest and silence into which the storm called Life must hush at last—they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually drooped to the floor, and lay there in a lethargy, worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm; and her hair drooping over him curtained him from the light.

"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising her hand to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, "all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door he could be taken away—"

"But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him."

"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. "More than that; Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-horses?"

"That's business," said Mr. Lorry, resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manners; "and if business is to be done, I had better do it."

"Then be so kind," urged Miss Manette, "as to leave us here. You see how composed he has become, and you cannot be afraid to leave him with me now. Why should you be? If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption, I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him. In any case, I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight."

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather disinclined to this course, and in favor of one of them remaining. But, as there were not only carriage and horses to be seen to, but travelling papers; and as the time passed, for the day was drawing to an end, it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done, and hurrying away to do it.

Then, as the darkness closed in, the daughter laid her head down on the hard ground close at the father's side, and watched him. The darkness deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet, until a light gleamed through the chinks in the wall.

Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made all ready for the journey, and had brought with them, besides travelling cloaks and wrappers, bread and meat, wine, and hot coffee. Monsieur Defarge put this provender, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker's bench (there was nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed), and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive, and assisted him to his feet.

No human intelligence could have read the mysteries of his mind, in the scared blank wonder of his face. Whether he knew what had happened, whether he recollected what they had said to him, whether he knew that he was free, were questions which no sagacity could have solved. They tried speaking to him; but, he was so confused, and so very slow to answer, that they took fright at his bewilderment, and agreed for the time to tamper with him no more. He had a wild, lost manner of occasionally clasping his head in his hands, that had not been seen in him before; yet, he had some pleasure in the mere sound of his daughter's voice, and invariably turned to it when she spoke.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey under coercion, he ate and drank what they gave him to eat and drink, and put on the cloak and other wrappings that they gave him to wear. He readily responded to his daughter's drawing her arm through his, and took—and kept—her hand in both of his own.

They began to descend; Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not traversed many steps of the long main staircase when he stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the walls.

"You remember the place, my father? You remember coming up here?"

"What did you say?"

But, before she could repeat the question, he murmured an answer as if she had repeated it.

"Remember? No, I don't remember. It was so very long ago."

That he had no recollection whatever of his having been brought from his prison to that house, was apparent to them. They heard him mutter, "One hundred and five, North Tower;" and when he looked about him, it evidently was for the strong fortress-walls which had long encompassed him. On their reaching the court-yard, he instinctively altered his tread, as being in expectation of a drawbridge; and when there was no drawbridge, and he saw the carriage waiting in the open street, he dropped his daughter's hand and clasped his head again.

No crowd was about the door; no people were discernible at any of the many windows; not even a chance passer-by was in the street. An unnatural silence and desertion reigned there. Only one soul was to be seen, and that was Madame Defarge—who leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

The prisoner had got into the coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's feet were arrested on the step by his asking, miserably, for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge immediately called to her husband that she would get them, and went, knitting, out of the lamplight, through the court-yard. She quickly brought them down and handed them in;—and immediately afterwards leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word "To the Barrier!"

The postillion cracked his whip, and they clattered away under the feeble over-swinging lamps.

Under the over-swinging lamps—swinging ever brighter in the better streets, and ever dimmer in the worse—and by lighted shops, gay crowds, illuminated coffee-houses, and theatre doors, to one of the city gates. Soldiers with lanterns, at the guard-house there. "Your papers, travellers!" "See here then, Monsieur the Officer," said Defarge, getting down, and taking him gravely apart, "these are the papers of monsieur inside, with the white head. They were consigned to me, with him, at the—" He dropped his voice, there was a flutter among the military lanterns, and one of them being handed into the coach by an arm in uniform, the eyes connected with the arm looked, not an every day or an every night look, at monsieur with the white head. "It is well. Forward!" from the uniform. "Adieu!" from Defarge. And so, under a short grove of feebler and feebler overswinging lamps, out under the great grove of stars.

Beneath that arch of unmoved and eternal lights—some, so remote from this little earth that the learned tell us it is doubtful whether their rays have even yet discovered it, as a point in space where anything is suffered or done—the shadows of the night were broad and black. All through the cold and restless interval until dawn, they once more whispered in the ears of Mr. Jarvis Lorry—sitting opposite the buried man who had been dug out, and wondering what subtle powers were for ever lost to him, and what were capable of restoration—the old inquiry:

"I hope you care to be recalled to life?"

And the old answer:

"I can't say."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

NO BATTLE YET—ENGLAND FORMALLY PROCLAIMS HER NEUTRALITY—NAPOLEON AT GENOA—NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY—AUSTRIANS STILL RETROGRADING—BREADSTUFFS ADVANCING—COTTON ½ HIGHER.

The steamship Asia arrived at New York on the 26th. She left Liverpool at 3.30, P. M., on Saturday, the 14th, having been detained till that time to enable merchants to answer their letters per Arabia, which arrived at Liverpool on that day, being only nine days and eighteen hours.

Baron de Stockel, Russian Minister to Washington, is a passenger on the Asia.

No battle has occurred.

The English government has formally proclaimed its neutrality in the European war.

Count Buol has resigned from the Austrian Ministry.

The Emperor's departure from France was a perfect ovation, and his reception at Genoa, where he arrived on the 12th, was most cordial.

His address to the army enjoined the strictest discipline, and stated that his only fears were that they would show too much enthusiasm. He was expected to proceed to the army on the 14th. The King of Sardinia visited the Emperor at Genoa.

The official Sardinian bulletins continued to report retrograde movements by the Austrians, whose head-quarters were at Robbio, which is about midway between Vercelli and Mortara.

It is said that more than double the amount of the five hundred million francs, as war loan, had been subscribed for, and that three times the sum might be had for the same purpose. The Empress had already transacted business, and was to hold weekly reviews of the National Guard. The gun-boats are not to be employed, but five frigates were to be immediately prepared for sea.

The Paris Pays says that the depredations committed by Austria, in Piedmont, are for the purpose of filling the military storehouses of Lombardy. They are literally stripping the Piedmontese provinces of hay, grain, provisions, and everything they can carry off; and, according to the French journals, they do this with the greatest rigor and cruelty. The Austrian journals give a very different account, and say they are welcomed by the peasants everywhere.

The Pays also states that Rear Admiral Jeurien de Lagraviere had left Genoa in the Algesiras for the Adriatic, to give notice to the military authorities that the ports of the Austrian coast are in a state of blockade.

Some very doubtful reports appear in the French journals respecting the obtrusive conduct of the British ship Orion at Genoa, which, it is stated, had been laid athwart at the entrance of the harbor, and it is pretended that, in consequence, three additional French line of battle ships had been ordered to the Mediterranean.

A highly important notice had been issued by the Secretary of War. It is addressed to the Lord Lieutenants of the various counties in the kingdom, *sanctions the formation of volunteer corps*, and explains the condition under which the project is to be carried out. It is provided, among other things, that the volunteers will be liable to be called out in case of actual invasion, or the appearance of an enemy in force on the coast, or in case of rebellion arising out of either of these emergencies; and that, while thus under arms, the volunteers will be subject to military law.

A war supplement of the official London Gazette of May 13, contains a royal proclamation, which declares her majesty at peace with all sovereigns, and powers, and States, and firmly determined to abstain altogether from taking any part, directly or indirectly, in the war between Austria, Sardinia, and France; and her Majesty's subjects are commanded to observe a strict neutrality. The proclamation then proceeds to point out the various acts in violation of neutrality which are to be guarded against.

EFFECT OF A WAR ON THE COMMERCE OF ENGLAND. AMERICAN VESSELS LOOKED TO.—Under no conceivable circumstances of temporary, or even prolonged disaster, could our general commerce now be interfered with. We might for a time lose our carrying trade, but that is the utmost injury that could be inflicted upon us. The doctrine accepted during the Russian war, and subsequently confirmed by the Paris Congress, that free ships make free cargoes, has settled this point definitely. Our interchange of goods, therefore, would go on with nearly as much steadiness as ever, although the whole of Europe might be arrayed against us. The business would be conducted by the United States. Their ships would bring us cotton, corn, and all other staples according to our requirements, and would in turn distribute our manufactures over the world. Thus we should go on buying, selling, and making money in our old fashion, while our opponents were suffering exhaustion under the effects of financial mismanagement, commercial prohibitions, and the depressing influence of conscriptions. It will be urged, perhaps, that in the event of *all* our ports being blockaded, even the American marine could then be of no service to us, but that is a contingency which few Englishmen would think it necessary to discuss. It would, moreover, be as fatal to America as to England, and would, therefore, soon make that Power a party to the quarrel. But it may yet be said that, although the inviolability of neutral vessels was so recently affirmed by France, Russia, Sardinia, Austria, and Turkey, as well as by this country, the three former Powers may, if it should suit their purposes, disclaim with as little scruple as they have lately shown in stultifying their decisions at the same Congress regarding the Danubian Principalities. There is no room for any such apprehension. Those who attempt to set aside the new principle must do so at the peril of immediate war with the United States. It is a matter on which the Washington Government will entertain no question, and the first interference with an American vessel would be followed by an instant demand for satisfaction. Happily, therefore, the bearings of the case are now entirely independent of the wishes or decisions of the Continental Powers. Whatever dreams may be nourished of fulfilling to the letter the traditions of the first Empire, that of forming a coalition to shut out the commerce of Great Britain, must be considered by the progress of civilization to have been shorn of nearly all its terrors.

Jos. Sturge, of Birmingham, died suddenly on the 13th.

TURIN, May 14th.—The enemy (the Austrians,) are increasing their forces near the castle of St. Giovanni, on the road from Piacenza to Stradella. They have constructed bridges near Vigevano and Motta Visconti to protect their retreat. To-day our soldiers pushed forward, in a strong reconnoitering party, as far as Cascine di Stra, near Vercelli, and our military began cannonading the enemy—which, however, was not replied to. Our troops have re-taken their former position.

MARSEILLES, Thursday Evening.—Advices have been received from Constantinople to the 4th inst. The agitation was increasing in the Turkish provinces, especially at Bosnia. The Turkish Government has consequently increased the number of troops to watch Bosnia. The Austrian vessels of war have been advised merely to navigate the Danube and Dardenelles. The Austrian Government has stopped the transmission of political news to Constantinople by telegraph. The European inhabitants of that place have requested that the telegraph at Jassy should be joined to the Russian telegraph lines. Yesterday a sanguinary conflict took place between the French and Austrians residing here.

ATHENS, May 5.—The Grand Duke Constantine has relinquished his project of visiting Jerusalem, and will leave to-morrow for St. Petersburgh. *L'Esparance* says the Grand Duke Constantine has strongly recommended the Greek Government to keep neutral.

GERMANY.—It is affirmed in the ministerial circles of Berlin, that Prussia for the moment maintains an expectant policy, and has not bound herself to any power to remain neutral. Germany is disposed to leave the initiative to Prussia, as she will have the heaviest burden to support in the common defence.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, Friday.—In the extraordinary sitting of the Federal Diet, to day, the proposition of the military commission to put the garrisons of the Federal fortresses on a war footing was agreed to. The Hanoverian Representatives proposed that a corps of observation should be placed on the Upper Rhine, but Prussia protested. The President of the Diet, the Austrian Ambassador, had, in consequence of the summons from the Emperor to repair to Vienna, quitted Frankfort without being present at the sitting.

SARDINIA.—TURIN, May 10.—The enemy has retired. This confirms the idea already put forward, that the Austrians mean no serious operations against the Franco-Piedmontese positions, but are profiting by the time required for getting this army ready to advance, and are doing all the mischief they can to the country. We do not know what the Austrian force is, but we know that on this side there are 180,000 men. But these, it appears, are not yet ready to take the field, the necessary *materiel de campagne* not having come up, and the Emperor, perhaps, being also waited for. In short, for some reason or other, we do not think fit to assume the offensive, and of this the Austrians are taking advantage. They are giving Piedmont a lesson, and rather a sharp one. For some days they have been ranging at pleasure all over her eastern provinces, from Biella to Tortona, levying contributions, driving away cattle, and making the peasantry work at fortifications. They need not fear reprisals when the French and Sardinians enter Lombardy, because, did the latter exercise them, they would only be punishing their own friends.

The most rigid precautions continue to be taken to prevent the circulation of information concerning the war. Dispatches in cipher are no longer accepted by the telegraph hence. A circular note has been sent to the foreign Ministers resident in Turin, informing them that no correspondents of newspapers will be permitted to go with the army.

A letter from Turin says:—

"We have mandated all the country which the Austrians have to cross, and on this occasion our populations have displayed the patriotism which was to have been expected. The Austrians endeavored to prevent the breaking of the locks, but without success. In the province of Vercelli they seized the brother of M. Noe, who has the direction of the reservoirs of Satirana, and wrote to the latter that if he wished to save the life of his brother, he must put an end to the inundation. The sole reply M. Noe sent, was to double the quantity of water let loose, so that many Austrians who had advanced in the hope that for four and twenty hours at least they would not be impeded by inundations, found themselves with water up to their waists. It is not yet known what they have done with the brother of M. Noe. The Austrians make heavy levies of provisions and stores in all the towns they enter; in one place they arrested and carried off a Mayor, who was not able to give them all the forage they required."

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna Gazette, of the 10th, announces that only such news from the seat of war will be made public as refers to operations completely carried out, and proceeds to say that the army occupies a position between the Po and Sesia, from which every offensive movement can be made.

The Austrians complain bitterly of the injury inflicted upon them by Lord Malmsbury's last proposition, which delayed their crossing earlier into Piedmont.

WAR PREPARATIONS IN ENGLAND.—The Times gives a long account of the immensely-increased activity going on in the production of weapons and warlike preparations of all kinds at Woolwich, which is said to be as great as at the height of the Crimean war. The resources of the arsenal are equal to fitting out and issuing, in case of emergency, 500 guns per week of the best and largest ordnance. The are now 12,000 pieces of iron ordnance in store at Woolwich, of which 7,000 are of the best make and modern calibre. At each of the great dockyards there are stores of from 1,000 to 1,500 heavy cannon. With regard to small arms, it is stated that there are about 90,000,000 rounds Minie ammunition in store and the production of conical bullets is going on at the rate of 2,000,000 rounds a week.

NO REPORTERS ALLOWED WITH ETHER ARMY.—From what has taken place at Turin concerning the press, and from the now known determination of the French staff, neither Mr. Russell nor any other Polybius or Xenophon will be tolerated on this side of the Po, and unless Austria is sure of getting her own version of the war into the Times (a point I avoid touching on,) there is no chance of Gen. Gyulai patronising a reporter. The Crimea was too far off for much damage to result from minute details of strategetic movements or projects being made public property; but in these telegraphic times, and so near Vienna, London publicity is strongly deprecated.

THE MARKETS.—LIVERPOOL, May 14.—Cotton.—The market opened at an advance of ¼d., but at the close the quotations reached to ½d. higher than on the previous week. The market closes dull.

Flour is still advancing, and is held 6d. higher. Holders demand an advance of 6d. on Wheat, and Corn is firm at 6d. advance. Beef is quiet; sales unimportant. Pork steady, holders offering freely, but showing no disposition to press sales. Bacon firm, and in better demand. Lard firm at 60 @63.

Sugars active, at a slight decline. Coffee dull. Rice quiet. Rosin steady. Spirits of Turpentine steady, at 43s 6d.

LONDON MARKETS.—The Barings report Sugar heavy, at a decline of 6d.@1s. Rice firm. Spirits of Turpentine firm, at 45s. 6d.@46s.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

NO BATTLE YET.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The steamship Hammonia, from Southampton, arrived this morning, bringing Liverpool dates of Wednesday, the 18th inst.

Nothing further of importance had been received from the seat of war, no serious collision having occurred, though soon expected.

A body of Piedmontese cavalry had taken a company of Austrian hussars.

The headquarters of the Emperor Napoleon had been established at Alessandria.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the confidence of success by the army in Italy is so great, that preparations will soon be made at Notre Dame for a Te Deum thanksgiving for a great victory expected to be announced next week.

All the officers of the regiment of sappers to be commanded by Prince Napoleon, left Paris on the 14th for Toulon. A train of siege artillery had also left for Italy.

It is rumored that arms have been sent into Hungary, and that the Hungarians abroad are actively employed in fomenting an insurrection in their country.

An official bulletin from Piedmont, dated the 14th, says the Austrians withdrew to-day from Robbio, recently their headquarters, but a second and still stronger reconnoitering force has been pushed forward to the walls of Ver.

The Emperor Napoleon, with Marshal Canrobert, rode through the streets of Alessandria on horseback. He was everywhere received with the greatest demonstrations of joy.

An official bulletin from Turin announces movements made by the Austrians from Strabella toward Voghera.

A dispatch from Berlin says that the Germanic Diet closed on the 14th by the Prince Regent in person, who, in his speech, said that Prussia was determined to maintain the balance of power in Europe, and stand up for the security, protection, and the national interests of Germany, and he expected that all the German confederative Powers would stand firmly by her side, in fulfilment of that mission.

The mobilisation of the eight federal corps d'armee is completed. Prince Frederick William is commander-in-chief.

The Austrian Government is endeavoring to raise a loan of seventy-five millions.

The report of Count Buol's resignation from the Austrian Ministry is confirmed.

A spirited debate occurred in the Prussian Chamber of Representatives on the 12th, on the bill providing for placing the army on a war footing, and for eventualities of war. M. De Vicke, one of the representatives, in advocating the bill, said no Prussian heart could conceive the idea of Prussia joining the Emperor Napoleon against Austria. *[Loud cheers.]* Prussia should never forget that Austria formed a German nucleus, and that they were bound to Austria by sacred bonds of confederation. If Austria had commenced the war, she was driven to it.

The first proposal of the bill for a loan of forty millions of dollars to place the army on a war footing was passed, without discussion, amid great applause.

VIENNA, Monday, May 16—Evening.—On the 15th inst. an English merchant steamer, bringing the Egyptian and Indian mails, and 56 passengers, to Trieste, was overhauled by boats of a French liner, off Sassari, opposite Avolona. Two French liners and one frigate are cruising off the Albanian coast.

Count Persigny, the new French Minister, reached London on the 14th.

Count Gortschakoff had also arrived

It is reported that the Emperor Napoleon, before his departure for Italy, addressed a letter to Queen Victoria, repeating his promise to take no step, during the war, to compromise the interests of England.

The new English Parliament returns now stand 351 Liberals (all sorts), 299 Conservatives.

Many failures are reported on the continent and on the London Stock Exchange.

The failure of Messrs. Cresswell & Co., of Birmingham, is announced.

Queen Victoria reviewed the troops at Aldershoot, on the 16th inst.

There has been a further recovery in Illinois Central shares, but Erie Railroad securities have declined.

The India and China mails had reached London. Calcutta dates are to April 8th, and Hong Kong to March 28th. The French troops had captured Sargon, a place of considerable strength in Cohin China.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL, May 18.—The Cotton Market closed with a declining tendency, prices being ¼ lower, with but little inquiry. The sales for the past two days have been 8000 bales, of which 5000 were sold on Monday, and 3000 bales up to noon to-day.

Breadstuffs—The London Market closes firm; wheat has an advancing tendency, confined principally to French red, *for* which there is a demand.

Provisions—The market closes firm and steady.

Produce—Pot ashes firm at 32s 6d@33s 6d. Pearl Ashes are also steady.

Other articles of produce are slow of sale, but prices are unaltered.

LONDON, May 17.—Consols at noon closed at 91¼@91¾.

THE OBERLIN RESCUERS.—MARKETS.—Cincinnati, May 27.—The Supreme Court of Ohio will give a decision, to-morrow morning, in the case of the Oberlin slave rescuers, now under sentence by the U. S. Court. It is expected their decision will liberate the prisoners. The markets to-day are very flat, everything declining.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—Returns from 111 counties are said to give Letcher (Dem.) a majority of 335. The 37 remaining counties gave Gov. Wise a majority of 1,439. The Democrats lose one Congressman, perhaps two.

☞ MEDICAL.—Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis, one elm coffin.

☞ LAWS are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.—*Swift.*

☞ There is nothing so elevating to a woman as the love of a truly great and noble man. The worship she pays him, whether it be that of friendship or of love, exalts her mind, and fills her soul with a holy joy; there is nothing so degrading, so crushing to the spirit, as to be the slave of a churl.—*Mrs. Crowe.*

A CASE OF JEALOUSY AND PROPOSED MURDER.—A case of foolish jealousy, coupled with a proposition to commit the dark crime of murder, recently transpired in our neighboring village of Crestline. We had intended to give the names of the parties to this transaction, but at the earnest solicitation of one interested, we have concluded to withhold proper names. Some two years ago, a man and his wife, with their little family from an Eastern State, settled in Crestline. For the present we shall call the gentleman Mr. A———. He was, and is, passionately attached to his wife; but his domestic happiness has been sadly marred by the frequent calls of a lawyer from Mansfield, who paid, as he thought, too many attentions to his wife. The husband brooded in silence over the supposed inconstancy of his bosom companion. He never intimated his suspicion to her, or any one else, until the thought of despatching his hated rival took possession of his brain. But the query was, how he could accomplish this and escape detection. At last, as he supposed, he hit upon a plan. He went to a brakeman on the P. F. W. & C. R. R., with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, and to him communicated his suspicions, and proposed to give him one hundred and twenty-five dollars in money, a gold watch, and a suit of fine clothes, as a consideration for killing the Mansfield lawyer; or, as he expressed it, to make "buzzard's victuals" of him. The money and watch were delivered; the brakeman entered into the contract, apparently in good faith, but went the next day and informed the lawyer of all that had happened. Matters rested for a few days. One evening, as the husband was approaching his home, he beheld the lawyer leaving the house, and on entering, saw his wife hurriedly shut a bureau drawer. On her absence, he examined the drawer: imagine his surprise in discovering a large quantity of gold coin, which he supposed had purchased his wife's chastity. He was almost frantic, but said nothing, still hoping to hear of the lawyer's early decease as per arrangement with the brakeman. On the next morning the lawyer and brakeman, by an understanding with the wife, who was posted in the whole affair, called at the house. The wife received them in her quiet, lady-like way; the husband treated them with great coldness and indifference, and began to regard the brakeman with suspicions of infidelity to his trust. The wife quietly went to the bureau, took therefrom the bag of gold, and turning to her husband, said:

"Here is $8,741 which my attorney has, after a great amount of labor, collected as my legacy from the administration of my uncle, whom you did not know, and who died in New Jersey some eleven years ago. His kindly office, for which he has retained a reasonable fee, has affected you with jealousy. I hope this may teach you never to impute crimes to others unless you have better evidence than mere suspicion of their guilt."

The brakeman then arose and handed over the watch, saying:

"This is the price set upon the lawyer's head, but after an investigation, I concluded he didn't need killing, and I herewith return it to you, hoping you will become a wiser and better man."

The reader may imagine the effect produced upon the jealous husband by being simultaneously convinced of his wife's fidelity and possessed of $8,741 in gold.—*Crawford County Forum.*

AN AMERICAN AMAZON.—Miss T———, known on the turf at Paris as the fair Amazon of Washington, was so brilliant at the races on her horse, jet black, save a white star on the forehead, that her appearance was hailed everywhere with admiration and applause. A more lovely person cannot be imagined; she guides playfully the most redoubtable courser. Belzebub, the name of Miss T———'s horse, is so untameable and ferocious, that no rider can mount him, *no groom guide or stall him.* He has already killed an Englishman, named Thomas Dixon, who undertook to groom him in the stable. Rarey was powerless to tame this terrible animal. Three persons only can approach Beelzebub; the first is Miss T——— herself. To her Beelzebub is as pliant, gentle and affectionate as a King Charles spaniel. He follows her, he fawns on her, and kneels that she may mount him. He neighs when she approaches. He is proud and happy to carry her. He paws, he caricoles, he curvets, he never tries to unseat her. He obeys her word without ever exhibiting the least impatience. Miss T——— reciprocates all the affection which her beautiful horse exhibits, and loves him as a friend. The two other persons who can approach Beelzebub, are two young ladies of sixteen and eighteen years, Jenny and Kitty Wilkinson. But Beelzebub only suffers them, and shows them no attachment. Jenny and Kitty act as grooms to Beelzebub; they feed, curry him, and walk him in the morning.—Jenny, the youngest of these sisters, a slight-looking child, whose womanly figure is not yet developed, is dressed as a groom, and follows Miss T——— every time she pays visits on horseback, for no other person can hold Beelzebub by the bridle when his mistress dismounts. For the rest, Miss T——— is a charming young person; and has no need to ride Beelzebub to be admired. She is a handsome girl of the happy age, of fresh, brilliant, and healthful looks. Her figure is beautiful, without being slight; she has dark, luxuriant hair, large, flashing black eyes, beautiful arms, pure complexion, clear and fair; her chest well rounded, her hand small and delicate as that of a princess painted by Velasques, her foot is neat and firm, her voice very clear and sonorous. She breathes all the life and fire of twenty-one summers. And to this that her soul is worthy of this outside—a soul noble and devoted—a heart passionate with generous ideas. She has much cleverness and great courage.

This young lady, this American, who brings to her husband a dower of six hundred thousand francs, will soon marry one of the most intelligent of the French Generals. She will follow her husband to Italy. She will make what may be facetiously termed her nuptial campaign. Beelzebub will go along. The soldiers admire this fine woman, and the fine horse.

A SAD CASE—MEDICAL BLUNDERS.—The inquest in the case of Mattie Butler, at North Adams, Mass., in reference to whose death and the flight of Littlefield, the bank cashier, so much was said a short time since, has been concluded, and the jury render a verdict of death from "peritoneal inflammation." The evidence clearly showed that the physicians were lamentably, if not criminally, mistaken in their diagnosis of the case. The girl was not even *enciente*—and no abortion had been attempted, as they supposed. They used instruments to complete what they supposed had been imperfectly performed!—when nothing had been done, and there had been no occasion for doing anything. But nobody who is acquainted with the reckless facility with which the "medical colleges" of our large cities, dub ignorant young students physicians, need wonder at this or any other blunder.

THE GROWTH OF THE CITY.—The occasional notices of the erection of new buildings in Philadelphia, give but a faint idea of the rapid growth of the city, particularly in a north and north-westerly direction. The introduction of water pipe into new streets, on which improvements have been made, gives the best evidence of the increase in the number of buildings, and the activity which prevails among the carpenters and bricklayers. During the past three months 30,000 feet of water pipe has been laid in new streets; and during the past fifteen months nearly 100,000 feet, all of which was paid for by the property-owners petitioning Councils for the pipe.

THE appended "notice," which actually appears among the advertisements in the Jamestown (Chautauque Co.) Journal, beats any exhibition of Young Americanism in *Punch*:

NOTICE.—Whereas my father, Newton Salisbury, has forbid me his bed and board, for the reason I visited and assisted at my sister's house during her husband's sickness and death; therefore, I forbid his harboring any other boy in my stead.

WARNER A. SALISBURY.

Gerry, April 16, 1859.

AN Indiana paper says: Such an effort to get a large crop of corn in the ground has never before been made by our farmers. Every foot of tillable ground—*every old field*—every new clearing—the cow yard and the stable yard is ploughed and being planted. There is not an acre that can be cultivated but will be. Every hand is busy.

THE HOG MARKET, PROSPECTIVELY.—Parties in the Cincinnati (Ohio) market are said to have offered to make contracts to sell hogs, to be delivered next November, at $6¾a7 net. The "Price Current," of that city, says there are buyers at $6 to $6¼.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue quite small, and the accounts from Europe have been of a more encouraging character, but the demand both for speculation, for shipment and home consumption, has been quite limited, and holders generally being more anxious to realize, prices have again declined full 25c ₩ bbl. The sales for the week amount to 7000 bbls at $7 for common and good superfine; $7,25@7.50 for extras; and $7,75@8 for extra family, including 100 bbls condemned at $6,25, and 500 bbls—a choice brand—of extra on terms kept secret. The sales to retailers and bakers have been within the range of these figures, and fancy lots at $8,25@8,75 @ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are exceedingly quiet. Sales of 400 bbls of the former at $4,75@5—chiefly at the former rate, and 900 bbls of the latter at $4 for Penna.

GRAIN—The market has been well supplied with Wheat during the past week, but the millers purchase cautiously, and prices have receded 5@10c ₩ bus from the highest rates realized at the close of last week. Sales of 16,000 bus at $1,70@1,85 for Red, and $1,75@1,95 for White, closing at $1,75@1,80 for good Red, and $1,80 for good White. Rye has been in steady request, and 3000 bus Penna sold at 94@95c, but buyers refuse to pay these figures. Corn is arriving freely, and is 5c ₩ bus lower. Sales of 32,000 bus Yellow at 95c early in the week, and since at 92@93c, closing at 90c, including some White at 90c, and damaged at 80@85c. Oats are plenty and dull, and we reduce our quotations 3c. Sales of 20,000 bus Southern and Penna at 55@54c early in the week, and since at 53@51½c, closing at the former figure for prime. 4000 bus Barley Malt sold to go to N York at 90c. 400 bus Rye do sold at $1. In Barley Malt nothing doing.

PROVISIONS—The excitement noted in the Provision market has completely abated. Supplies of all descriptions come forward slowly, but they are ample for the demand; Mess Pork has been sold to the extent of 500 bbls in lots at $18,50, on time; and 100 bbls extra heavy at $19,25; Mess Beef is held higher, but sells only in a small way for ship stores at $16,20. A sale of 100 tcs India Mess Beef at $32, on time, and some Beef Rounds at $18,50. Bacon comes forward slowly, and meets a steady demand. Sales of Hams at 10@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed—chiefly at 12@12½c; Sides at 10¼@10½c, and Shoulders at 8¼@8½c. 20,000 lbs rough Country Bacon, Sides and Shoulders sold at 9@10c for the former, and 7c for the latter. Green Salted Meats are in fair demand. The receipts and stocks are small.—Sales of 50 casks Hams, in salt, at 9½c; 100 casks do in pickle at 10@10½c; Sides at 9½c, and Shoulders at 7½c, 60 days. Lard has been quiet. Sales of tce and bbls prime Western at 12½c, and kegs in lots at 13½c, 60 days. Butter—Roll continues to meet a limited inquiry; solid packed is in better demand. *Sales of Roll* at 13@16c, and solid packed at 9@10c.

COTTON—There has been a firmer feeling in the market, the advices from Europe being of a more favorable character. The manufacturers, however, are holding off, and purchasing only to supply immediate wants, in anticipation of a further decline in prices. Sales of 950 bales Uplands at 9½@12½c ₩ lb, cash and on time, for low grade and middling fair quality.

BARK—There is more inquiry for Quercitron Bark, but at a decline of $2 ₩ ton. Sales of 250 hhds at $28@30, closing at the former rate. Tanner's Bark unchanged. Spanish Oak is held at $14@15, and Chestnut at $11@12 ₩ cord.

BEESWAX is scarce and held very firmly. Sales of prime yellow at 37@38c ₩ lb, cash.

COAL—The market continues excessively dull, although the shipments to the East have somewhat increased, and prices continue to rule somewhat irregularly.

COFFEE—The arrivals since our last notice have been large. The market has been rather quiet. Sales of 7000 bags Rio, including one invoice at 10¾@11¼c, and 1500 bags Laguayra at 11½@12c ₩ lb, on time.

COPPER is very dull. Sales of English Sheathing at 27c, and Yellow Metal at 21c ₩ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue dull. Small sales of Western at 46@47c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—There is rather more doing, and more firmness in prices. Sales of Dried Apples at 8@8½c ₩ lb. 300 bags Southern and Western Dried Peaches sold at 7½@10c for unpared quarters and halves mixed, and 14@16c for pared.

HEMP is quiet, there being none here and none coming forward.

HIDES are held with increased firmness, but the stock in first hands is about exhausted. An import of Pernambuco sold at about 18¼, 6 mos; 36 bales Buffalo at 13½c, 6 mos; 5 bales Calcutta Slaughter at $1,80; 13 bales Dead Green at $1,35, and 5 do dry do at $1,10, 6 mos.

HOPS are unchanged. Sales of new first sort Eastern and Western at 12@16c. Of old Hops there are now few or none left in first hands. They range from 5 to 7c.

IRON—The trade generally is very dull, and for Pig Metal prices are weak. It is reported that a sale of 1000 tons Foundry has been made on private terms. We quote at $23, $22, and $21 ₩ ton, six mos, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in value. A small sale of Charcoal Blooms at $55, six mos, Bar and Boiler Iron are in steady demand at previous rates.

LEAD continues very dull. Sales of 2100 pigs Galena at $5,87½, equal to cash, and 250 pigs Virginia on terms kept private.

LEATHER—There is more Dry Hide Leather offering, but the market is nearly bare of Slaughter, and it is taken as fast as it comes forward.

LUMBER—Supplies continue to arrive freely, but there is less inquiry for all kinds, and prices are barely maintained. Sales of White Pine Shipping Boards at $15@18; Lehigh at $14@15; Susquehanna Culling at $15@18; Hemlock Boards at $11; Clear Boards at $30@35 ₩ M feet; two cargoes of Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $15,50@17 ₩ M feet. Laths range from $1,50 to $175 ₩ M. Shingles are dull.

MOLASSES—There has been more coming forward, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 200 hhds Clayed Cuba at 28@29c; some Muscovado at 32@34c; and 500 bbls New Orleans, in another market, at 42c, on time.

SUGAR—The market is very dull and prices are evidently less firm. Supplies have been arriving very freely. Sales of 700 hogsheads at 6¼@7c for Cuba; 7¼@7¾c for Porto Rico, and 6¾@7¼c ₩ lb for New Orleans, on time.

SPIRITS of all kinds are held firmly. N E Rum is held at 36@39c. Whiskey is in limited demand, and has declined 2c; sales at 30c for Ohio, 29c for Pennsylvania, 27c for hhds, and 28c for Drudge.

SEEDS—Clover seed comes forward slowly and there is very little offering; sales at $5@5.25 ₩ 64 lbs. About 100 bushels Timothy sold at $1,87½@2. A lot of 1000 bushels Calcutta Linseed sold at about $1,75.

TALLOW meets a steady demand at last week's quotations.

TOBACCO—There has been very little inquiry for either Leaf or Manufactured.

WOOL—The market is extremely dull, the manufacturers, both here and at the Eastward, being well supplied, and the few sales reported have been at a concession of 1@2c.

THE Utica Observer announces the approaching marriage of Mr. John Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," "to a beautiful young lady of high position, socially and aristocratically, who has been regarded by the artists of Cincinnati with much admiration; who has great talents, and writes a great deal for various periodicals. She was born in a soldier's barracks, and educated as a 'Soldier's Daughter.' This was a case, on both sides, of "love" at first sight. Her brothers, however, have sworn to bar the marriage, and the foolish young lady is closely watched."

LUCKY NEGROES.—The Macon (Geo.) State Press says:—We have been informed by our worthy Mayor, O. G. Sparks, Esq., of the firm of Hardeman & Sparks, of this city, that he has sold the crop of cotton belonging to the negroes of Col. John B. Lamar and Hon. Howell Cobb, to Mr. James Rea, for $3,969 61. This is all clear money to them, and we are likewise informed that the same negroes sell sugar cane, syrup, chickens and eggs, which amounts to at least one-half as much more.

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☞ Thomas S. Ramsey, writing from Rangoon, Burmah, says:—"It is becoming more popular, and in several instances I am assured that the cholera has been arrested and life preserved by its use. The late prevalence of cholera here has swept off about all the Pain Killer I had, and purchasers looking to me for a supply will be disappointed in my inability to supply them. Please send me an invoice of $150 worth the first opportunity."

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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—47 head I Abrahams, Cumberland co, 11¼@12½; 25 Shelby & Guldin, Bucks co, 10@12; 29 P Baker, Ohio, 10½@11½; 54 McHenry & Smith, Lancaster co, 11½@13; 15 Spitler, Lebanon co, 9@11; 11 M Fuller, Fayette co, 11; 23 B C Baldwin, Chester co, 10@13; 8 G Banbolt, Del co, 9; 55 S Rhodes, Berks co, 10@13. Sheep—6000 arrived and sold. The increased supply caused a decline of $1 ₩ 100 lbs gross, from the prices obtained last week.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—16 head Cochran & McCall, Chester co, 12@12½; 19 Scott & Kimble, Harford co, Md, 12@12½; 57 Cochran & Co, Va, 11@12½; 27 J McFillin, Lancaster co, 11½@11½; 8 Seldomridge, do, 12½; 58 J Todd, Bucks co, 11@12½; 15 B Williams, Va, 11; 8 B Hood, inferior, 4.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 28, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief notes 4-10 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
NEW JERSEY.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	ALABAMA.
DELAWARE.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
NEW YORK.	OHIO.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
MAINE.	KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	INDIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis	State bank ½ dis
VERMONT.	ILLINOIS.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks 2½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	TENNESSEE.
Solv bks ½ dis	Old banks 2½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	MICHIGAN.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
VIRGINIA.	WISCONSIN.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	TEXAS.
Solv bks ½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	CANADA.
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	Solv bks 1 dis

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103½	104½
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102	102½
" " new	102½	103
" 5 "	—	94½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	99½	91
Penn 6 pr ct	—	92
" 5 " coupon '75	93	93½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	104	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	94	95
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	—	—
Ca. State 7 pr ct new bonds	97½	98
N Y City 1873-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140½	—
Philadelphia	111½	114
Far & Mec	56	56½
Commercial	52	—
N Liberty	87	—
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	60	—
P Township	35½	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	—	60½
Western	—	60
Man & Mech	25	26
Commerce	67	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	47	60
Consolidation	24½	—
Commonwealth	22	23½
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	—	25
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	80	—
Exchange "	26½	—
Kentucky Ky.	121	—
Northern "	120	122
Louisville "	114	—
Farmers "	106	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	102½	105
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	143	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	10
Washington Gas Light Co	—	20
Lehigh Zinc	13	14
New Creek	—	—
New Granada	—	1
N America for'ss	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	20
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	65
Bonds	91	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100½	—
" 2nd "	—	90
" stock	—	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	—	94
" mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '58	70	76
" stock	21½	22
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	90
" stock	42	42½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	38½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	97	—
Ches Val R R 7's	—	44
Tioga R R 7's	—	95
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	70½
2d "	—	31
" stock	2½	3½
Catawissa	½	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	57½	58
" preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	3½	4
6 pr ct loan	—	93½
Phi Ger & Nor RR stock	51	52
6 pr ct loan	90	—
Minehill R R	58	59½
Har and Lan R R stock	55	58
" bonds '82	90	—
L Schuylkill R R stock	—	17½
Long Island R R stock	10½	11
" bonds	—	91
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centra	70½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	56	—
Michigan Southern	9	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'l Nav 6 pr ct loan '72	71	—
" 6 pr ct	—	61
" stock	8½	9
" preferred	17½	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	43	43
" mort 6 pr ct	98	100
" scrip	24	25
Morris Canal's preferred	106	544
Ches & Del	43	107
" bonds	77½	—
Union	—	3
" bonds	35½	36
Sus & Tidewater	4	5
" bonds 1878	34	36

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL, to REBECCA KENNEDY, both of this city.

On the 2d of Jan. 1859, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH KIND, to Miss MARY E. HALL, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. W. Mann, Mr. MICHAEL TREVZ, to Miss LIZZIE KOPP, both of this city.

On the 10th March, by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. JOSEPH L. CLARK, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss ELIZA J. FLOOD, of this city.

On the 14th April, by the Rev. J. A. McKean, BENJ. ROWLAND, Esq. of Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss SARAH A. FAMOUS, of Harford county, Md.

On the 22d ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. ALFRED A. LORD, to Miss ELLEN GALLAHER, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. W. T. Bunker, Mr. JAMES H. REYNOLDS, of Lancaster county, to Miss ELLEN MILLER, of Haverford, Del. county.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. McDowell, Mr. JACOB HARRIS, of Lewisburg, Pa. to Miss R. ANNIE A. JENKINS, formerly of Camden county, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, JOHN T. TALLMAN, aged 49.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. SOPHIA DE DUPRON, aged 59 years.

On the 22d ultimo, RACHEL B. FRENCH, aged 66 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH MORTON, aged 76 years.

In Washington city, on the 20th ultimo, JAMES M. MACINNIS, formerly of this city, aged 51 years.

On the 22d ultimo, WILLIAM MATTHEWS, aged 44 years.

On the 22d ultimo, CHARLOTTE, wife of Gustavus Pelman, aged 29 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARY M. FULLMER, aged 67 years.

On the 21st ultimo, HANNAH S. CAMPBELL, aged 70 years.

On the 20th ultimo, ANN AMELIA BOND, aged 19 years.

On the 20th ultimo, WILLIAM J. son of Catharine and the late Eli Harley, aged 24 years.

On the 21st ultimo, GEORGE C. MANSFIELD, aged 35 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mr. SAMUEL NEALL, aged 79 years.

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my21-3t (Opposite the Masonic Hall.)

VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL AND BLUE-PILL,

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS, by restoring the bowels to their original *daily* and *natural* action, give strength to the stomach, purify the blood, re-establish the healthy condition of the digestive organs, and thus cure Dyspepsia, Colds, Coughs, Rheumatisms, Dropsies, and sickness generally, whether chronic or recent. The celebrated Abernethy says:—"After having cured the derangement of the bowels, debility and all diseases generally disappear *of their own accord*, even in a short time." The experience of a century has established the worth of these Pills beyond dispute, as a purgative and anti-bilious medicine; and their use by upwards of 4,000 conscientious physicians, and by over a million of families, shows that they are supplying one of the wants of humanity, and are in advance of medical science. The above Pills, although purely vegetable, are now known and used as a substitute for Calomel (*Hydrargyri Chloridum Mite*), producing all its alterative and other indications, with none of its disorganizing effects upon the solids—often crippling for life—or its distressing action upon the teeth and gums. The prepared concentration from the same principles—the Life Addition Pills—is a substitute for blue-pill (*Pilula Hydrargyri*), possessing the peculiar action on the secreting organs, of that preparation from mercury, but none of its salivating or other injurious effects. Those who have used them, as a *blue-pill substitute* or otherw

Wit and Humor

A Busy Character.—Not many years ago there lived in the south of Scotland a somewhat eccentric clergyman, who was familiarly yelept *Watty*. One Sunday he had been preaching most vigorously on the impropriety of profane swearing, and denounced the rather common habit of using one of Satan's names in ordinary conversation; and on the Monday morning he set out to visit a few of his people. Just as he was entering a neighboring village, he overtook an old woman, who was carrying home a young pig, which she meant to rear. She was holding *grumphie* fast by the hind legs, and while the little creature was struggling incessantly to gain its liberty, the old woman's strength and patience both became exhausted, and waxing very wroth, she exclaimed:

"Deevil choke ye, beast!"

Watty was passing at the moment, but he simply looked, heaved a sigh, and went on his way. On reaching the further end of the village, however, he found another old woman assiduously attempting to induce a flock of ducklings to enter in at a stable door. The perverse brood, however, seemed determined to thwart her, for if she went to the one side to drive them in, they, in hot haste, waddled past the door to the other, as if resolved to have their own way of it. The old dame was completely baffled; and as she stood wiping her face with her apron, Watty heard her give vent to her spleen in these words:

"Deevil tak' ye, beasts!"

Watty evidently thought this was a great deal too much, and stepping forward, he thus accosted her:

"Ay, ay, just wait a wee, my leddy, he's busy at the ither end o' the toon, chokin' a sow: but he'll be your way the noo, I'se warrant ye—just wait a wee."

"You Wouldn't Bite a Blind Boy!"—On one of the Michigan Central Railroad trains, the other morning, an incident occurred which created considerable merriment. A blind boy, who has the run of the cars for the purpose of selling knick knacks, entered the sleeping car, supposing all the inmates were up and dressed. Walking through the car, he passed his hand along the berths to see if they were occupied, when it fell upon the face of a sleeper whose hirsute covering at once arrested the boy's attention. Stroking down the hairy coat, the boy commenced with, "Here, puppy—here, puppy!" and other expressions of fondness which a lover of the canine species would be likely to indulge in. The disturbed sleeper partly awoke under these manipulations, and, shaking his head, gave a loud snort. The boy jumped back in affright, yelling, "Get out! get out! you wouldn't bite a blind boy! take him off!" without even yet comprehending the truth. The passengers roared with laughter, which did not at all subside when the boy exclaimed, "La! I thought it was a puppy in the berth, and not a big bull-dog."

Hard Pecking.—A Memphis correspondent gives the following passage in a debate between a candidate for gubernatorial honors, and Gustavus Henry, generally known as Gus, the Eagle Orator. The debate was severe, and excited much interest. The candidate closed his speech with this annihilating declamation:—

"We met this Eagle, and I can say, with an honest heart, that he has none of my flesh on his talons—none of my blood on his beak."

This was good, and would have been a stumper, but the undismayed Gus immediately rose to his feet and replied:

"'Tis true the honorable gentleman has met the Eagle, and bears no traces of having left flesh on his talons or blood upon his beak. And 'tis not strange, my friends; for those of you who know the habits of our national bird, know full well that he never feeds upon carrion!"

Such a shout and such a discomfiture made Mr. Candidate quake, but didn't defeat him for Governor.

An Editor's Defence of a Friend.—An editor, vindicating the private character of a friend, who had been nailed for the crime of sheep stealing, thus defends him:

"We have known Mr. Thomas for twelve years; our acquaintance commenced with the great equinoctial storm, which blew down our grandfather's barn. At that time he was a young man in the prime of life, and we think raised the best marrow/at peas that we ever ate. He was a good mathematician, kind to the poor, and troubled with fits; in all the relations of husband, father, uncle, and trustee of common lands, he has followed the direct standard of duty. Mr. Thomas is at this time forty-three years of age, slightly marked with the small-pox, an estimable citizen, a church member, and a man of known integrity for ten years; and as to sheep-stealing, that he would have done it if he could get an opportunity, is without foundation in point of fact. Mr. Thomas could have stolen our lead pencil several times, but he didn't do it."

A Business Statement.—A Western merchant who has had the reputation of "paying promptly" for ten or fifteen years in the New York market, was one day questioned by one of our cautious merchants as to his "real position" since the crisis.

"*Well*," said the countryman, with a significant squint of the eye, "I s'pose you want to know sunthin' of my hist'ry since I been out West, don't you? Wall, when I went out there I looked round considerable, and made up my mind on the start that I wouldn't be out o' money, so I gathered up my capitle and found I had just one cent to begin on. Have been doin', as you know, a pooty fair trade since, and I rather guess I hain't lost none o' my capitle anyhow. I think you won't get no more nor that statement out o' me, sir—good mornin'."

Whether the man is good or not, is a question which our city merchant was, at the latest dates, investigating.—*N. Y. Independent.*

☞ If you wish your neighbors to notice you, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar all night. They won't sleep for thinking of you.

A Domestic Incident.—A correspondent says he vouches for the truth of the following:

Mrs. K——— was at an evening party, and having left her music behind, was persuaded to send for it. The bearer was told to ask for the loose music left on the piano. Mrs. K———'s old servant, more faithful than quick-witted, on receiving the message, burst into exclamations:

"What!" says she, "and do yer suppose my missus sings *loose songs*? Get along with yer impereuse!" and slammed the door in the messenger's face, muttering, as she went up stairs, "*Loose songs*, indeed!—as if my missus ever sung anything that warn't moral and proper!"

Queer Fancy.—A great deal of company being at dinner at a great gentleman's house, where a silver spoon was laid at the side of every plate, one of the company watching for an opportunity, as he thought, slid one into his pocket; but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who sat opposite to him took up another and stuck it into the button-hole of his bosom; which the master of the house perceiving, asked him in good humor—"What was his fancy in that?" "Why," replied he, "I thought every man was to have one, because I saw that gentleman over against me, put one in his pocket."

THE WAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well, if it do not roll our way.
Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gulled by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your Reforms for a moment go,
Look to your buts and take good aims.
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means.
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

—*London Times, May* 11.

Louis Napoleon's Vanities.—Louis Napoleon is a constant smoker, and is very particular about the quality of the weed. A package of several thousand cigars recently arrived at Havre from Havana, for the Emperor. The officer charged with examining the cargo directed that one thousand be sent to his Majesty, and the remainder be confiscated to the State, the law being explicit that no individual shall import at one time, more than one thousand. The Emperor, learning this Roman's circumstances, decreed the immediate promotion of the customs officer to the higher branch of the revenue service, and sent him in token of high commendation the cross of the legion of honor.—Jesters are never wanting in Paris, and his Majesty has been arraigned by native wits for ingeniously ridding a cigar custom house of an uncomfortable officer. For purposes of imperial eulogy, however, the anecdote is likely to serve a good turn in history.

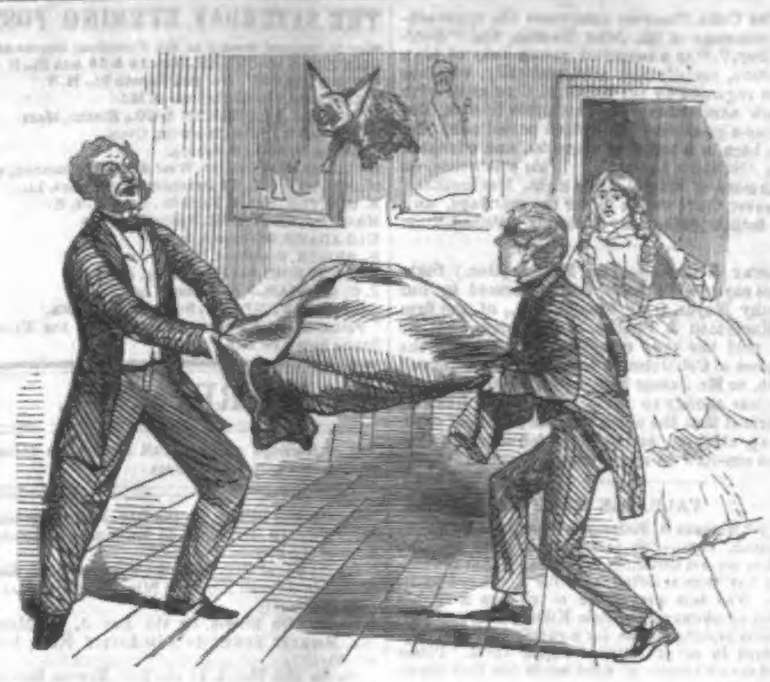
What a Good Periodical May Do.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast-table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which *unconsciously*, their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson.*

Fish Eating and its Consequences.—A letter to the Journal of Commerce says:

"Every house in Japan seemed to be overrun with children, in some of which I counted ten or a dozen, *and all of about the same size!* The birds in a nest, the chickens in a coop, the frogs in a pond, are not more compact and crowded than these human bee-hives seem to be, and I may add, or more happy. The average number of the inmates of each house in Japan is estimated at between *thirty* and *forty*. They eat but little meat except fish, which abound in these waters, both in the bays and in the sea, and are easily procured, as well as fine. A gentleman told me that he believed, from his most careful observation, not above *one in fifty* of the people ever eat any other animal food.

☞ When Dr. Lyman Beecher was instructing a class of theological students, one of them put to him the question, "What if an atheist should say that there is as much proof of the existence of several gods, as there is of the existence of one?" he replied, "Don't enter into any argument with him, for quite likely you might fail to convince him; but tell him that if his theory is true, and there are more gods than one, *so much the worse for him!*"

☞ Worldly prosperity is a much greater drain upon our energies than the most severe adversity; there is no spring, no elasticity; it is like walking through life upon a Turkey carpet.—*Miss Jewsbury.*



HARDENING EFFECTS OF WET WEATHER.

Horace and Henry, being shut up in the country, amuse themselves by exercising (!) their fair cousin's pet lap-dog.

Love Brings Beauty With It.—Bless us, things may be loveable that are not altogether handsome, I hope; I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly, and even among those "lords of their kind," the British, squat figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions, are not startling exceptions. Yet there is a great deal of family love among us. I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on the summit of their brows would be decidedly trying; yet, to my certain knowledge, tender hearts beat for them, and their miniatures—flattering, but still not lovely—are kissed in secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an excellent matron, who could never, in her best days, have been handsome, and yet she had a pack of yellow love-letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything less significant than a Diana, and yet who have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes, thank God! human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it.—*Adam Bede.*

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Provide the Hay-Caps.—This valuable improvement still fails to receive that attention which it deserves. We have already written so much upon the subject that we need offer little more now. We will say, however, that we are more than ever convinced of the great advantages resulting from their use. They may be cheaply and quickly made of coarse cotton, 1½ to 2 yards square, roughly hemmed, and provided with loops at each corner for stakes, or stones sewed into the corners, as weights to keep them from blowing off. A quantity of these always at hand to throw over cocks of uncured or cured hay, when a storm comes up, will not unfrequently save more than their cost on a single occasion, while they may be used for many years—not only to cover hay, but grain left in the field. As they are made on a large scale, and sold reasonably, and as some manufacturers prepare the cloth so as to be water-proof, and still open enough to allow moisture to evaporate through them, we think it may be quite as economical to purchase those ready manufactured, as to make them at home—that is, where they are on sale at a convenient point. But, however procured, let us again urge all haymakers, who have not done so, to make the experiment of using a few hay-caps this year. They will not be abandoned after one trial.

How to Wash Sheep.—One of the correspondents of the Wool Grower, H. H. Robinson, of Millersburg, O., gives the following as his mode of washing sheep:—"Take a large sized store box and place it below a mill-dam or on a rivulet where you can have a stream of water running in it through a spout. The way to manage the sheep is this: turn the sheep on its back, let one person take hold of its fore legs with his left hand, and hold of the back of its head with the right, and another person hold the hind legs, and in that manner dip the sheep in the box of water a few times, then let the sheep turn on its feet in the box and press the wool until it becomes clean. I like this way of washing much better than the old way of dragging sheep into a stream and worrying them about until the wool is clean."

Not Too Late to Plant Corn.—The prospect of better prices for farm produce should lead every one to get in all the crops possible the present year. It is by no means too late to plant corn during the first week in June. Some good farmers purposely delay their principal corn planting until the last of May or the first of June. Their experience has taught them that, as a general rule, corn planted June 1st is as forward by the end of July, as that planted May 10th. They say, that when planted late, the ground is warm and quickly germinates the seed, and starts it at once into vigorous growth, and that it will soon overtake and go ahead of the early planted. They also argue that one hoeing is saved by the late working of the soil previous to planting, as a large number of weeds which have started, are then killed. This year it is safe to act upon this theory, where there is a spare plot that may be used. The quick growing varieties, like the King Philip, are most desirable for late planting, and for filling up vacant spots in that already above the ground. Of course, it will not do to mix in the different varieties where pure seed is to be gathered.

To Obtain Fruit from Barren Trees.—I wish to describe to you a method of making fruit trees bear that I blundered on to. Some fifteen years ago I had a small apple tree that leaned considerably. I drove a stake by it, tied a string to a limb and fastened it to the stake: The next year that limb blossomed full, and not another blossom appeared on the tree, and as Tim Bunker said, "It sot me a thinking," and I came to the conclusion that the string was so tight, that it prevented the sap returning to the roots; consequently, it formed fruit buds. Having a couple of pear trees that were large enough to bear but that had never blossomed, I took a coarse twine, wound it several times around the tree above the lower limbs, and tied it as tight as I could. The next spring all the top above the cord, blossomed as white as a sheet, and there was not one blossom below where the cord was tied. A neighbor seeing my trees loaded with pears, used this method with the same result. I have since tried the experiment on several trees, always with the same result. I think it a much better way than cutting off the roots. In early summer, say June or July, wind a strong twine several times round the tree, or a single limb, and tie it, the tighter the better, and you will be pleased with the result; the next winter or spring the cord may be taken off.

James R. Russell.

Remarks.—The above plan is similar in effect to "ringing the grape vine." It is frequently made use of by fruit growers to hasten the bearing of young trees. Wire is sometimes used, but it must be removed before the next season's growth, or it cuts into and deforms the tree or branch; on this account wire will be preferable, because it compresses the bark sufficiently, but yields in length, and finally breaks with the increased growth.—*American Agriculturist.*

Oxen in Summer.—A tanner near us says he had several hides brought to him the first week in May, taken from working oxen which died in consequence of the extreme warm weather. They could not "stand the heat" under moderate exercise, it was said; if we knew all the circumstances of feed and care, perhaps we could give "the reason why." The proper treatment of working oxen is not as well understood as formerly—less use being made of them by the majority of farmers. We have thought it might be of service to some of your readers, to give the method of management in hot weather, pursued by a Western New York farmer, as it seems to us particularly judicious.

His oxen are always kept in good condition, and in summer have a good clover pasture.—He is careful to start them up at half-past four in the morning, that they may go to feeding and fill themselves for their forenoon's work, by the time his chores are done, breakfast eaten, &c. At noon, they are not allowed to drink until after feeding some, for the reason that if allowed to drink directly after unyoking, they will fill themselves so full as not to have any appetite for grass. They have two hours to feed in, and then go again to the plough, and are generally turned out about sundown, or a little before. Under this treatment, they do not need to stop to rest from the time they commence work until noon or night, and will keep in good order, scarcely seeming to feel the heat.

An old New England farmer learned him that salt was injurious to working oxen; accordingly, he never gives it while they are in daily use for work. It causes them to drink heartily, after which they will lie down until the water passes out of the stomach, eating little or nothing by the time you wish to go to work again. Not only that, but drinking so much water and eating so little grass, will be likely to give them the scours, which will certainly weaken and render them less effective. Oxen managed according to this method, will do a great deal of work, and keep in good order, and will bring them into better repute in comparison with horses, for doing the work of the farm.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Cure for Scratches.—The following receipt I have often seen tried with the most satisfactory results:

Procure some lamp oil, add a little white lead, and mix both together until the oil assumes a light straw color. When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed perfectly clean, and rubbed perfectly dry.—Then apply the mixture, rubbing it well to the skin. Two or three applications are sufficient to effect a perfect cure, no matter how bad the case may be.—*Corres. Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

Rhubarb Wine—How to Make It.—Some time since we published a notice of wine made from pie-plant or rhubarb. It had been tasted by a number of good judges, who did not know its source, and pronounced a very fair sample of pale sherry. It certainly did resemble that wine both in appearance and taste. It not only deceived wine-drinkers here, but a sample sent to Cincinnati, was tasted by men skilled in the art of tasting wines and detecting adulterations, and called a good sample of American sherry, only wanting age to be excellent. Basing an opinion upon our own judgment, we have and do pronounce it as much superior, as a beverage, to half the costly wines sold in this city, as pure otard brandy is superior to "fighting rum," such as is manufactured in New York, and which in its turn manufactures demons out of human beings. Now since mankind will have something stimulating, and since it is fashionable for all who can afford it, to drink wine, and since a very abundant quantity of something that, at least will serve as a good substitute, can be made from rhubarb stalks, we repeat our recommendation of that kind of juice.

How Rhubarb Wine is Made.—Since our first notice, our letters of inquiry, "How is it made?" have been too numerous to answer, if we had known how, but as we did not, we wrote to B. F. Cahoon, of Kenosha, Wis., who, so far as we are informed, originated the rhubarb wine manufacture, from his remarkable seedling pie-plant, which grows larger than any other known variety.

The following is Mr. Cahoon's reply:

"Herewith I send you a sample of 'pie-plant wine,' made last September, by mixing equal quantities of water with the juice of the stalks, and to each gallon 3½ lbs. fair quality of New Orleans sugar, put in barrels, filled full, and fined with isinglass, and allowed to remain in the barrel till Spring, and then bottled. By adding or diminishing the quantity of sugar it will vary the strength of the wine in the same proportion. The pure juice without water makes a very strong wine, by using 4 lbs. of sugar to each gallon."

It appears that the process is exactly that with currant juice, blackberry juice, elderberry juice, gooseberry juice, or any other juice, such as has long been used in families all over the country, for the manufacture of beverages called wine.

The advantage of the rhubarb, particularly such rank growth as Cahoon's seedling gives, is that it affords a greater quantity of juice than any other plant; and so far as it appears to us, it is a better quality than any but grape juice for the manufacture of domestic wine. Of course it will afford, also, an abundance of cheap and good vinegar. The acid of the plant, as all pie-makers are aware, is decidedly sharp.

The Quantity of Rhubarb Wine for Use.—In our former notice, we gave the product of rhubarb wine, per acre, as 800 gallons. Mr. Cahoon says:

"This estimate is very much below the matter of fact, as tested here. Mr. G. Lewis, the purchaser of my plantation of pie-plant made last season from one-eighth of an acre, 400 gallons like the sample I send you. It is a fair estimate that 2,500 gallons can be made from an acre of well-cultivated roots of my seedling. The wine costs here about 40 cents per gallon to the manufacturer."

According to this statement, instead of 800 gallons per acre, the product is over 800 barrels, and almost the entire cost of the article would be the price paid for the sugar. Probably, upon a large scale, five cents a gallon would pay all the expense of labor of cutting the plants, grinding, pruning and bowelling. With sorghum sugar for sweetening, we don't see anything to prevent the country from having wine cheap enough, if that will make men more temperate than cheap whiskey.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Glass Lamp Globes.—To get stains of oil out of opaque glass lamp globes, wash them with the very best rectified spirits of turpentine, then with soap and water, and finish with pure cold water.—*London Field.*

Parisian Mode of Roasting Apples.—Select the largest apples, scoop out the core without cutting quite through; fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar; let them roast in a slow oven, and serve up with the syrup.

To take Mildew out of Linen.—Rub it well with soap, then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also on the linen; lay it on the grass; as it dries wet it a little, and it will come out after twice doing.

☞ The Necessity of Bodily Health.—No keenness or culture of intellect that does not embrace culture of health—no wealth, no morality, and not even a religion, that does not embrace the preservation of the physical system from all deterioration, and its cultivation to the highest perfection, will ever last long.—No nation or people will ever preserve the weight of influence to which they were naturally entitled, among others, without manliness of development as the only reliable foundation of manliness and reliability of character. All that tends to produce that is so far a vital good.

☞ To large hands belong the spirit of minutiæ and of detail; Frederick I. of Prussia, surnamed the King Corporal, had large hands. To moderate-sized hands belong the conception of details and of the whole; such were those of Walter Scott, Montesquieu, Tasso, Racine, Corneille, West, Leibnitz, &c. A subtle and disputatious spirit is connected with small hands having delicate fingers.

☞ The human heart is like an artist's studio. You can tell what the artist is doing, not so much by his completed pictures, but by the half-finished sketches and designs which are hanging on his wall. So you can tell the course of a man's life, not so much by his well defined purposes as by the half-formed plans, the faint day-dreams which are hung in all the chambers of his heart.—*Beecher.*

☞ Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong in their own inside.—*Adam Bede.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 11, 19, 18, 12, 19, was the daughter of the king of my 15, 10, 6, 17, 19, 5.
My 2, 6, 17, 3, 7, 17, was one of the muses.
My 3, 17, 9, 19, 7, 14, 8, 18, 16, was a beautiful youth that fell in love with his own image.
My 4, 11, 3, 7, 7, were spirits that presided over the birth and life of men.
My 5, 6, 19, 12, 18, 14, was the son of Nox.
My 6, 10, 20, 17, was the wife of Saturn.
My 7, 19, 17, 6, 18, 14, was the son of Daedalus.
My 8, 7, 6, 20, 3, 15, were the daughters of Oceanus.
My 9, 18, 6, 3, 18, 14, was killed by my 17, 11, 3, 20, 17, 14.
My 10, 20, 12, 5, was Jupiter's cup-bearer.
My 11, 6, 20, 12, 18, 14, was the son of Chaos.
My 12, 17, 19, 19, 10, 18, 6, was the son of Jupiter.
My 13, 6, 20, 12, 2, 16, was the father of Charon.
My 15, 20, 6, 6, 17, which was the mother of the goddess of Justice.
My 16, 7, 19, 10, 17, 11, 3, 16, was slain by Pygmalion.
My 17, 20, 8, 17, 19, 2, 8, was changed into a cormorant by 15, 10, 5, 9, 7, 14.
My 18, 6, 17, 3, 7, 17, was one of the muses.
My 19, 11, 6, 20, 8, was the daughter of my 8, 17, 9, 18, 6, 3.
My 20, 6, 11, 12, 2, 16, was an infernal deity.
My whole is a French proverb.

V. M. SMITH.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.
My 1, 19, 7, 37, is a town in Maine.
My 21, 31, 46, 25, 38, 29, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 35, 10, 16, 14, 30, is a town in New York.
My 9, 22, 52, 53, 17, 2, 31, is a town in Arkansas.
My 6, 33, 45, 27, 16, is a town in France.
My 5, 40, 13, 57, 32, 2, is a town in Portugal.
My 20, 33, 18, 20, 47, 18, is a town in Scotland.
My 7, 45, 24, 29, is a town in Ireland.
My 36, 43, 28, 17, 8, 24, 26, 44, is a town in Illinois.
My 11, 41, 38, 50, 3, 52, 9, is a town in Saxony.
My 19, 23, 8, 51, 38, 20, is a town in Ireland.
My 39, 42, 12, 5, 49, is a town in Spain.
My 9, 15, 25, 15, 55, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 2, 4, 41, 54, 2, is a town in New York.
My 42, 30, 28, 3, 21, 48, is a town in Poland.
My whole were six celebrated battles.

Chillicothe, Ohio. BETA.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 17, 11, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 18, 6, is a river in Italy.
My 18, 6, 13, 19, 6, 5, is a capital in Europe.
My 8, 17, 1, 13, 17, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 6, 16, 11, 17, is a river in Europe.
My 8, 17, 14, 11, 17, is a river in Spain.
My 13, 4, 14, 17, 11, is a river in Africa.
My 10, 17, 2, 12, 5, 14, are mountains in Asia.
My 14, 5, 15, 15, 9, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 14, 11, 17, 17, 5, are mountains in the Eastern part of the United States.
My 6, 19, 17, 11, is a river in Europe.
My whole is one of the United States and its capital.

EKULF.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first one half the living world may be,
And half that's buried in the earth and sea;
My second's nearly half the human race,
Where some in honor live and some disgrace;
My third is used to finish out my name,
Which is not common, though you've heard the same;
My whole is in a Western State—a town,
Of little commerce, and of some renown.

Waupan, Wis. FLORIDA.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Omit my 1st, and I am a kind of merchandise.
Omit my 1st and 2nd, and I am an unlawful act.
Omit my 1st, 2nd and 3d, and I am an animal.
Omit my 2nd, and transpose, and I am a part of grammar.
Omit my 1st and 2nd, and transpose, and I am a good fruit.
Omit my 1st, 3d and 5th, and I am a head-dress.
Omit my 1st and 2nd, and transpose, and I am what is done in a harvest field.
Transpose my whole, and I am a man's name.
My whole is what some people sometimes get into.

Piqua, Ohio. H. HOUSER.

ANAGRAMS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

Marble rake.	Sum it no nearer.
Queen C. C.'s nose.	Sixteen emp.
Tin fifed later.	Starch care.
Or pail my cent.	Coon sense in Cd.
Oil ran in a tent.	An bell meat.
Hoop merit.	Reap's st home.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Supposing the earth to be a perfectly smooth sphere of 8,000 miles diameter, how far above its surface must an observer be elevated to see one-tenth of its surface?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? Ans.—One cannot see to go, and the other cannot go to see.

☞ When are women fathers? Ans.—When they are sighers (sires).

☞ When is a man like the atmosphere? Ans.—When he's an heir (air).

☞ What is the difference between a certain prima donna and the favorite phrase of a sailor? Ans.—One is a Laborde, and the other "all a aboard."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Prof. Charles Anthon. CHARADE—Paper (Pa-per). RIDDLE—A tree. ANAGRAMS—Barnwell, Limestone, Williamson, New Castle, Jessamine, Appanoose, Bernalillo, Mecklenborgh, Talisferro, San Agostine. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—251,328 rods.